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WILLIAM MacDONALD, ARTHUR WARNER, Associate Editors — FREDA KIRCHWEY, MABEL H. B. MUSSEY

CARL VAN DOREN, Literary Editor

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THE California dark horse has moved to the front in the Presidential race about a month before the scheduled time. Mr. Hoover's candidacy has received a tremendous impetus from the sudden adherence to his colors of the New York *World*, which declares that it would support him on either a Republican, a Democratic, or an independent ticket. It vouches for him as being everything he ought to be—a statesman, a liberal, a great organizer, a sound business man with greater detailed knowledge of European conditions than is possessed by any living American; and declares that, of all the men in sight, he is the only one who approximates to what the Presidential office demands in the present emergency. With most of these things *The Nation*, as its readers are aware, heartily agrees. No American has conferred so much lustre upon his country during the war as has Mr. Hoover. Mr. Wilson, as we all know, collapsed under duress and yielded to the forces of evil at Paris, but Mr. Hoover did not surrender. Nevertheless, it is, in our judgment, much too early for liberals to commit themselves to Mr. Hoover. There are a multitude of questions which he must answer before a proper judgment can be formed. Have we any proof beyond the *World's* say-so that Mr. Hoover is really a liberal? How does he stand on the great economic questions of the day? What vision has he of the future? Does he excuse the prevailing hysteria and the deliberate effort to Prussianize America, to rob us of free speech, of a free press, of the right of assembly? Is he a free-trader? Is he really a candidate? He telegraphed to South Dakota that he was not. Moreover, is he eligible? The point has been raised that he is not, because he has not resided for fourteen years in the United States as required by the Constitution. Upon all of these points we must have light, and plenty of light, before we can be certain that Mr. Hoover is the man of the hour, as sympathetic with the people as the people, in certain respects, are toward him.

IN its issue of January 3 *The Nation* suggested that the quarrels of private interests might yet drive Congress to extend the period of Federal control of the railways beyond March 1. Only a month now remains before the roads are to go back to private ownership; yet on January 20 the House and Senate conferees were reported as stating frankly that not a single one of the fundamental differences between the Cummins and Esch bills had been reconciled. No wonder the railway owners are growing nervous. There is no way of escape along the lines which either the House or the Senate has been following, and both bodies might well give attention to the suggestions of the men actually in charge of the roads. In a recent address before the Association of the Bar of New York city, Director General Hines declared in favor of the consolidation of the roads into a few great systems; the representation of the public and of labor, as well as of capital, in the management; the fixing of a definite standard of rates and the putting of excess earnings into a reserve for lean years; and, incidentally, a milking of the strong roads for the benefit of the weak ones. If the roads are restored to private ownership before these measures of "fundamental reconstruction" are taken, declares Mr. Hines, the results will be "progressively disappointing," and an insistent demand will arise for outright government ownership. "A continuance of unified control," he continues, "could be made self-supporting upon a very small increase of rates, whereas a return to private management, with the necessity of establishing the credit of a great number of independent railroad companies, undoubtedly would call for a much greater increase in rates if railroad credit is, in fact, to be successfully established." Mr. Hines lays down for the Congress a task which, we fear, that body cannot possibly accomplish between now and March 1.

THE meeting of the Second Pan-American Financial Conference at Washington during the past week has been the occasion of the usual interchange of polite international compliments; we trust that certain more solid results have also been achieved. In an address of welcome, President Wilson congratulated the delegates that "here is an important section of the globe which has today eliminated the idea of conquest from its national thought and its international policy"—a declaration which may conceiv-

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ably have brought a smile to the lips of the Nicaraguans and Panamans and Haitians present. The Haitian delegates, however, are reported to have passed resolutions commending the United States for intervening and occupying that country. We should be interested to know the origin of these resolutions. The major problems of the Conference, as set forth in its program, were those of transportation, trade, and finance. It was pointed out by Dr. Henriquez Perez Du Puy, of Venezuela, that communication between that country and the United States was better twenty-five years ago than it is today. The address of Mr. John Barton Payne, chairman of the Shipping Board, was interesting for its frank admission of the futility of some parts, at least, of the South American program announced by the Board with such a flourish of trumpets during the war, as well as for its announcement of the more substantial designs now in contemplation. Five steamers are expected to maintain a bi-weekly service between New York and the east coast of South America, and a like service to the west coast, under the management of W. R. Grace & Co., is planned. The committee on transportation of the Conference urged a weekly service of fast ships from New York to Buenos Aires. Exports from the United States to South America rose from $99,000,000 in 1913 to $400,000,000 in 1919, and imports from $261,000,000 to $568,000,000—not a very notable increase considering the change in prices and the extraordinary opportunities offered to the United States by the war. It remains to be seen whether our financiers and traders are really in earnest in their desire to develop inter-American trade relations, and whether the Government is going to pursue a policy that will make of our southern neighbors friends or enemies.

AN interesting illustration of the indiscriminate attacks which are now being made upon everything "radical" comes to us from California. The Los Angeles Americanization Fund has issued an appeal for increased financial support, and in that connection calls attention to some of the activities that are being carried on "for the safe-guarding of our national institutions, the upholding of our Constitution, the suppression of mob rule, and the building of a better citizenship." A speakers' bureau, it appears, carries to shops, factories, clubs, churches, and schools "the gospel of the square deal." A newspaper, *The Commonwealth*, with a circulation of 25,000, "is reaching the people most in need of the sane, safe doctrine which it preaches." A legislative bureau passed upon more than 3,000 bills during the last session of the California Legislature, with the result that the session "was the first in many years when business men and property owners got a fair deal." The organizations which the Fund apparently represents claim the credit for the choice of twelve out of sixteen Representatives from Los Angeles county, six members of the city council, and four of the seven members of the Board of Education. School text-books are carefully examined, "to the end that objectional (*sic*) teachings may be kept away from the young and impressionable mind." All of this looks at first sight like a well-planned effort to give Los Angeles a good city government and a healthy political tone. Not at all. What the Americanization Fund is seeking is the suppression of "radicalism." Its various organizations "work and fight day and night for the principles of the open shop," and are "solidly against the radical element now in control." They have already induced the Los Angeles firemen to surrender their charter in the American Federation of Labor. But the evils of "socialism, bolshevism, and other forms of fanatical radicalism" are evidently well intrenched, for an appeal is made for funds for "at least five years" with which to combat them. The appeal closes with the hope that "you will willingly do your part to help defeat the attempts of the radicals to bring about a revolution and establish a soviet form of government." The conservative residents of Los Angeles will, no doubt, respond.

WHILE the Fall Committee of the Senate continues what appears to be an effort to make out a case for American intervention in Mexico, other forces are working on both sides of the border not merely to keep the peace, but also to bring about an understanding that will make relations between the two republics friendly in fact as well as in form. An important step in clearing away difficulties between the two countries has been taken by President Carranza, in a recent decree granting temporary permission to American oil companies to resume drilling for oil. It is stipulated that the permission shall last only until the Mexican Congress has passed a petroleum law under Article 27 of the new Constitution. That article, which declares that subsoil rights in Mexico belong inherently to the state, has been the chief cause of controversy between the foreign oil interests and the Carranza Government; American companies having refused to take out permits, as they were required to do, on the ground that such action would prejudice their property interests, which they held were confiscated under the new Constitution. In consequence, President Carranza ordered the drilling of wells stopped. The new decree permits drilling to be resumed pending a final settlement of the question, which it is now to be hoped may be resolved in a friendly way. On the same day that President Carranza issued his decree, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America made public an appeal for a "fair, patient, and broad-minded" attitude toward Mexico, and suggested a joint commission to consider mutual relations and "methods by which reciprocal justice and good-will may be secured."

HOLLAND has taken precisely the stand that was to have been expected in regard to the demand made upon it to hand over the Kaiser to the Allies. The decision does infinite honor to Holland, and at the same time puts the Allies in a difficult position. If the Allies decide to coerce Holland, they will place themselves squarely upon the moral plane of the Germans when the latter crossed the Belgian frontier and wantonly overran the country merely because through it lay the easiest route to France. Similarly, it would be might against right if the Allies attempted to take the Kaiser by force. Holland, we may be sure, would resist as Belgium did, and would not fail to let the world know, if it must, that an invasion of Dutch territory would make the Allied pretensions about their knightly protection of small nations the merest hypocrisy. We can hardly believe that the controversy will come to that; it is hardly thinkable that the Allies will thus stultify themselves. For one thing, Washington may be expected to protest; indeed, it is reported that the State Department is rejoicing over Holland's prompt refusal. Mr. Lansing, to his honor be it recorded, has from the first opposed the trial of the Kaiser as contrary to international law and wholly indefensible. What becomes of the Kaiser is of little importance, but the preservation of the right of political

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asylum was never so vital as it is today. The Kaiser may well be left to spend the rest of his days in his present solitary ignominy, than which there surely can be no greater punishment. To make a martyr of him would not only be utter folly, but would injure the cause of the Allies everywhere.

WITH Alderman Tom Kelly, at present resident in Wormwood Scrubbs prison, London, chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin; with most of the municipal councils in the south of Ireland in the hands of Sinn Fein; with the municipal councils of Ulster itself divided almost equally between Unionists on the one hand and Sinn Fein, Nationalist, and Labor members on the other, Ireland presents today some interesting problems in the politics of revolution. The elective local administrations must act, if they act at all, in constant coöperation with the Local Government Boards appointed at Dublin Castle. Consequently, the newly-elected Sinn Fein officials must decide whether they intend to act as officials of the Irish Republic or of the British Government in Ireland. Legally, it is clear that they can fall only in the second category; tactically, it would be hardly consonant with Sinn Fein policy to accept any obligations of office involving a recognition of the authority of Great Britain. Meanwhile, local government of some sort must become effective. Whether the new administrations will refrain from taking issue with the Government until the election in June of the county councils, which are sure to be predominantly Sinn Fein, or whether they will refuse to act except as republican officials and so force a wide extension of British military occupation, will doubtless be decided presently in the council halls of Dail Eireann.

ALL friends of Japan must have rejoiced at the Tokio despatch of January 15 announcing that the Japanese Government, having succeeded to Germany's rights in Shantung, had notified Minister Obata of its readiness to open negotiations for the return of those rights to China. Premier Hara, in opening the Diet on January 21, called attention to this action, and expressed the purpose of the Government to work the Shantung railway as a joint Chino-Japanese enterprise, in accordance with the agreement of 1918. We have repeatedly expressed our reprobation of the transfer of the Shantung rights to Japan; but critics ought never to forget British action in Tibet and the Yangtse Valley, or French procedure in Annam and Tientsin. A square mile of territory in the heart of the city last named, it will be recalled, was forcibly seized in October, 1916. At that time the Chinese press declared that the action of the French "surpasses Japanese tactics and is actual warfare against defenseless China"; yet American wrath was not kindled. According to the Far Eastern Bureau, the Chinese are using the boycott against Japanese business with deadly effect. The Nisshin Kishin Kaisha, the Japanese company operating on the Yangtse River, reports a decrease in its volume of business of 660,000 yen during the last business period, while the compradores of Japanese firms in Shanghai estimate that a normal turnover of 40,000,000 taels has been cut to 10,000,000. It does not pay to arouse a patient people, even if one has plenty of bad company in so doing.

THE question of the proper status of women in industry continues to receive the attention of the Federal Government as well as of private organizations. The work of the Woman in Industry Service of the Department of Labor, the first report of which, covering the year ending June 30, 1919, has just been made public, appears to have been in the main advisory. In the formation of standards governing the employment of women, the spread of information regarding occupations or localities in which women might properly be employed, the grouping of industries known to be more injurious to women than to men and from which women should be excluded, the treatment of labor shortage as a local rather than as a national problem, the study of conditions in typical industries which employ women, and the educational presentation of facts regarding women's work, the Service seems to have proceeded with good sense and to have accomplished encouraging results. Particularly commendable is the successful resistance of the Service to widespread demands for a lifting of restrictions upon night work for women. The opportunities for women in the Federal classified service have been greatly widened by the ruling, made on November 5 by the Civil Service Commission, opening all examinations to both men and women, the specification of sex being left to the discretion of appointing officers when requesting the certification of eligibles. The National Women's Trade Union League, on the other hand, has asked Republican and Democratic leaders to urge upon their respective parties support for the work of the Joint Commission of Congress on the Reclassification of the Civil Service, whose recommendations, shortly to be laid before Congress, include a standardization of women's wages on the same basis as those of men. The standards adopted by the League go further than either classification or standardization, however, and include a minimum wage for government service, as well as the appointment of women as members of the Civil Service Commission.

THE Governor of Ohio has proclaimed a teachers' week, February 15-22, "recommending and urging that serious thought, consideration, and discussion be given to the problem of supply of teachers"; the Commissioner of Education for the State of New York has addressed to the public a statement of "certain existing conditions that endanger the effectiveness of our public school system." In both States, of course, it is perfectly clear that the alarming exodus of the more ambitious teachers from the schools is mainly due to the operation of ordinary economic laws. The teachers cannot live on what they are paid. The States will have to learn that as they have had to raise the wages of school janitors to hold them, so they will have to increase the salaries of teachers. The question is how highly the States value the public education which has been our national fetish, our national pride, our national boast. But payment is only the beginning. As we cannot expect or desire the teachers to teach merely for love, neither can we expect them to teach merely for money. Dr. Finley points out that it is vain to expect teachers to be satisfied so long as they are made the sport of municipal politics. They must be thought of as public servants, rewarded and respected as such. In Ohio, many voices are saying that the teachers should be given better social recognition than they now enjoy. Both these arguments come to the same point. If a profession, always underpaid, is further allowed to sink into public contempt, only the weakest individuals will gravitate into it. Good teachers must bring to their tasks passion and pride. And passion and pride languish in those who are both starved and despised.

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Where Does England Stand?

A NUMBER of English newspapers have lately been voicing their apprehension lest the blunt warning which Admiral Sims alleges was given to him by a high official of the Navy Department should embitter still more the feeling of the United States toward Great Britain; while one editor goes so far as to discourse about the unhappy fate of Anglo-Saxon solidarity if the two nations were to engage in war. It is characteristic of most English discussions of American public opinion that the newspapers in question, although admitting that American feeling toward England is at the present time anything but cordial, fail to discuss the grounds of divergence in a comprehensive way. The chief, or at all events the immediate, cause of American ill-feeling, we are invariably told, is Ireland. We admit that the Irish imbroglio has a great deal to do with American feeling toward England; but the Englishman who imagines that, having mentioned Ireland, he has told practically the whole story, is in need of enlightenment.

A few days ago it was announced that Great Britain and France, alarmed at the sweeping successes of the Russian armies, were about to dispatch a force of perhaps 200,000 men to the Caucasus in order to protect Persia, Afghanistan, and India, and to prevent a Russian invasion of Asiatic Turkey. British war vessels, it was said, had already left Malta for the Black Sea, and others were to follow. The report underwent the usual variations. Paris denied that France was to have any part in the proposed expedition; London dispatches intimated that the whole thing was a War Office scheme and that Mr. Lloyd George was not responsible for it; there was to be no force of 200,000 men; some Indian troops might be used to defend the Indian frontier. There will doubtless be other explanations and plans as the days—and the Russians—go on. Coincidently with these reports of military preparations on a considerable scale came the announcement that the Supreme Council at Paris had suddenly decided to permit trade to go on with Soviet Russia. Liberals in all countries were prompt to hail the announcement as a long step toward peace; but enthusiasm cooled appreciably when the news was spread abroad, as it was within a day or two, that British traders had for months been assembling goods at advantageous points, and were prepared to skim the cream of the Russian market as soon as trade actually began.

Precisely what do Englishmen who profess solicitude for Anglo-American friendship expect the United States to think of British policy at either of these points? Doubtless, were the Russians wantonly to invade India, Great Britain could do no less than resist; but who are the people in whose behalf it would be employing its army and its navy? What is India? It is a country of more than 300,000,000 people, held in subjection to Great Britain by military force, exploited for the benefit of manufacturers, merchants, and bankers in the British Isles, and administered by a highly organized civil service the chief places in which are the perquisites of the British aristocracy. The cold-blooded massacre of some hundreds of natives at Amritsar the other day—the most atrocious piece of wholesale killing of defenseless people that the twentieth century has yet chronicled—is only the most recent illustration of a policy which has characterized British rule in India since British rule began, and which has burned into the hearts of the Indian people a hatred of England and the English which time only deepens and intensifies. As for Afghanistan, that is a country over which Great Britain, for the sake of maintaining its hold upon India, is at this moment struggling to assert authority by military force; as for Persia, it is virtually a British protectorate, taken over by a secret deal with the Shah without reference to the Persian people.

It is not for American merchants to begrudge their British competitors any legitimate gains, however large, that may flow from the reopening of Russian trade. Now that the Russian Government itself has announced that there will be no trade until there is an armistice, Americans can afford to await developments. But what is the United States to think of British policy toward Russia in this connection? Not long ago Mr. Lloyd George seemed to be at the point of declaring for peace with the Soviets; a few weeks later he was apparently for going on with the war. Is Mr. Lloyd George manœuvring to keep the war with Russia going until his financial backers shall have had time to perfect their schemes; and, if so, was the announcement the other day only a little premature? We should be indeed a simple-minded people if, after condemning Mr. Wilson for stubbornly refusing to learn anything about Russia except that which he wanted to know, we were to express esteem for the Lloyd George Government when it backs and fills for commercial gain on the same subject.

That there is in England a large body of liberal opinion which hates and loathes all this dishonesty and time-serving and which strives earnestly to bring about a better state of things, we gladly concede. For everything in the English temper that is fine, generous, and truth-loving there is and should be, in American liberal circles, full and hearty recognition. But when, as of late, an influential section of the British press affects concern over the widening breach between England and America, the only proper answer is to cite the facts. Mr. Lloyd George is still in office, and attempts to turn him out have resulted only in large votes in the House of Commons in his support. The British Labor party, still the fond hope of British liberals, is not ardently urging independence for Ireland, or for India, or for Egypt; it is not embattled against British aggression in Afghanistan, and appears not to be deeply moved by the agreement with Persia. America has not forgotten the treatment of its commerce and its citizens by the British Government during the war. It takes note of the fact that there is no British ambassador at Washington, and that there has been none for several years. It observes that Great Britain, with the interest on its American loans deferred, is shielding profiteers, haggling about economies in departmental expenditures, and planning huge outlays on its army, its navy, and its air service. It realizes that imperial Britain holds more dependent people in its grip than any imperial state that the world has ever known, and that, for the great mass of its subjects, the imperial bond is not love, but force. It is because those who rule Great Britain today do not seem to believe very earnestly in political freedom and good government, and often do not practice them when money or advantage are at stake, that the American democracy feels distrust, and will continue to feel it until the present state of things is changed. We trust that the change may come soon.

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Deportations and the Law

MR. JUSTICE BRADLEY, speaking for the Supreme Court in a leading case (*Boyd* v. *U. S.*, 116 U. S. 616, 635), remarked that it was "by silent approaches and slight deviations from legal modes of procedure" that "illegitimate and unconstitutional practices get their first footing." It is by just these approaches and deviations that the practice of deportation, by executive officers reviewing their own acts, has grown up.

In 1798 the United States stood on the verge of war with revolutionary France; a kind of informal war did indeed break out. The Alien Act of that year gave the President power "to order all such aliens as he shall judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States or shall have reasonable grounds to suspect or consider in any treasonable or secret machinations against the Government thereof to depart out of the territory of the United States within such time as shall be expressed in such order." Jefferson fiercely denounced the statute in the Kentucky resolutions, and Madison influenced the Virginia Legislature to declare the enactment a "palpable and alarming infraction" of the Constitution. The statute expired by its own terms in two years. Its constitutionality was never passed upon in any reported case, but long afterward the Supreme Court took more than one occasion to express grave doubt. President Adams, who had signed the law, failed of reelection, and the Federalist party, which had enacted it, in the course of a few years passed out of American national politics. About a century thereafter began that process of "silent approaches and slight deviations" whose end apparently is not yet. The Immigration Act of 1892 provided for the deportation of Chinese who did not have "a certificate of residence" or who were unable to explain the lack. The enforcement of the statute was left in the first instance to executive officers. The constitutional question came before the Supreme Court the next year, and five of the eight sitting Justices declared the statute valid (*Fong Yue Ting* v. *U. S.*, 149 U. S. 698). The power to expel an alien was an incident, the majority thought, of the power to exclude him in the first instance. Chief Justice Fuller, Justice Field, the senior Associate Justice, and Justice Brewer dissented. Expulsion, they pointed out, differed radically from exclusion. An alien who was held at an immigration station and who had never landed in the country was not entitled to the protection of the Constitution; but one who remained in the country, perhaps in the legal sense residing within it, was a "person" within the meaning of the Fifth Amendment, and was not to "be deprived of liberty without due process of law."

With the law thus settled by the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, the approaches became from this time more open and the deviations more serious. In 1903 Congress added anarchists to the list of excluded aliens and provided for their deportation if their character as such was established by executive officers. In the case of one Turner, an English publicist, who was arrested under the statute and held for deportation, counsel contended that, while it might be due process to intrust executive officers with the determination of relatively simple facts, it was unconstitutional to permit such officers to deport men for their opinions. The Supreme Court, however, felt itself bound by the logic of its earlier decision, and overruled the contention (*Turner* v. *Williams*, 194 U.S.279). Since then the legislative, the executive, and, on the whole, the judicial branches of the Government have joined in extending a principle originally established over the protest of the Chief Justice and two of the most distinguished members of the Supreme Court. Congress has twice, in 1917 and 1918, made still more drastic and explicit the provisions for the deportation of anarchists, and has done so without limiting these provisions to the war emergency. The Immigration Bureau, by Rule XXII, has instructed its inspectors that there is "no limitation" of time which will prevent the deportation of an immigrant who, in the judgment of the inspector, was an anarchist at the time of his admission, and that the anarchy provisions must be interpreted as "retrospective." At least one deportee had spent more than twenty years in the country. Finally, the courts (although the matter has not yet been passed upon by the Supreme Court) have held that philosophical anarchists—mere abstract opponents of government as such—are within the scope of the statutes; that membership in the I. W. W. is all but conclusive evidence of a belief in anarchistic doctrine; and that if any treaty provisions stand in the way of deportation, they are abrogated by the deportation statutes themselves. "The actual practice," said Judge Holt, of the Southern District Court at New York (*Bosny* v. *Williams*, 185 Fed. 598), "is as follows":

> There are a number of officers called inspectors of immigration, connected with the office of the commissioner. Complaint that an alien is in this country in violation of law is usually made by one of these inspectors. The information upon which he bases the charge may have been obtained by himself upon investigation, or may have been furnished to him by others. Frequently such information is furnished by the city police, or by enemies of the person charged, acting through malice or revenge. Affidavits are obtained and are sent by the inspector to the Secretary at Washington, who, if he thinks a proper case is made out, issues a warrant for the arrest of the person charged. This warrant is usually intrusted for execution to the inspector who has made the charge, and he subsequently usually takes entire charge of the case. After the aliens have been taken to Ellis Island, they are held in seclusion and not permitted to consult counsel until they are first examined by the inspector, under oath, and their answers taken by a stenographer. After this preliminary inquisition has proceeded so far as the inspector wishes, the aliens are then informed that they are entitled to have counsel, and to give any evidence they wish in respect to the charge. Thereafter a further hearing is had before the inspector, at which further evidence may be given by him and the aliens may appear by counsel and offer evidence in their own behalf. The inspector thereupon reports whether in his opinion guilt has been established, and the evidence taken and the inspector's finding are sent to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor at Washington, who thereupon makes an order either for the deportation or the release of the aliens. It is, of course, obvious that such a method of procedure disregards almost every fundamental principle established in England and this country for the protection of persons charged with an offense.

To such lengths has the practice of "silent approaches" and "slight deviations" gone. It remains for the people to demand a repeal of the deportation statutes and themselves to end an abuse which executive officers, members of Congress, and Federal judges have thus far fostered rather than fought.

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Two Infamous Measures

NO other term adequately describes the Graham and Sterling sedition bills now before Congress. The bills are infamous from several points of view, but primarily because they strike a deadly blow at the whole spirit of American life. They serve notice that after 130 years of the republic, the country is about to undermine deliberately the foundations of its own liberty. Forgetful of history, forgetful of the efforts made by the founders of the government to do away with the evils connected with British administration of the American colonies and of the results of autocratic government everywhere, we are asked to imitate the condition of Germany in 1878, when Bismarck undertook a similar campaign—with what results everyone knows. Never, we believe, have more dangerous laws been laid before Congress. As the New York *World* has well pointed out, under the Sterling bill Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural would become unmailable because it contains this treasonable sentence: "Whenever they [the people] grow weary of their existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." Under this bill, as the *World* shows, it would be impossible to print the Declaration of Independence, with its assertion that whenever there is "a long train of abuses and usurpations" it is the duty of the people "to institute new government."

The evil of the bills can hardly be exaggerated. The Graham bill places the personal freedom of citizens in the hands of bureaucratic officials. True, it pretends to punish those persons only who advocate or advise the use of force in securing changes or reforms. That is well within the right and duty of the government. But the bill is so drawn that it deals not only with specified acts but with the intent to perform them—a matter than which nothing is more dangerous or more likely to cause miscarriage of justice and to make crimes of acts never before deemed criminal. Take the actual provisions of the bill. Section 4 provides that no person shall write, print, circulate, distribute, or display any printed matter "wherein the overthrow or change of the government of the United States, or the Constitution, laws, and authority thereof by force or violence" is "*incited, suggested,* taught, advocated, or advised." This is a tremendous responsibility to place upon a judge, a jury, or a district attorney. A vast range may be covered by the words "incited" and "suggested." The mere quotation of an inflammatory statement in a newspaper for the purpose of denouncing it would render the editor or publisher of the paper liable to twenty years in prison and a fine of $10,000. Section 5 forbids the display of a red flag or any banner as a "symbol of anarchy," although the red flag has been used for years by the Socialists, who are opposed to force and violence. The language of the section would even forbid the use by Harvard University of its historic crimson banner. The language of the act goes beyond the question of mere incitement, and uses the words "*tends to incite.*" Any district attorney or police captain or secret service agent who has a grudge against any reform group may swear that an "emblem, picture, motto, or device" shown at a given meeting *tended,* in his opinion, to incite to violence or to "overthrow, change, or defeat the Constitution of the United States and the laws and authority thereof." This latter provision, as it happens, does not include the qualifying words "by violence," so that mere criticism without advocacy of force, and legitimate demands for a revision of the Constitution, would bring one under the act.

Even more dangerous is the provision punishing words or acts "whereby an appeal is made to racial prejudice the intended or *probable result* of which appeal is to cause rioting." This would forbid the present agitation for the abolition of lynching North or South, or any demand for the change of those conditions in the South which today make the negro only half a man, without Constitutional rights or privileges. All that an official has to do in order to procure an arrest under this clause is to charge a Negro with having said something whose probable result *in his opinion* might be a riot. This is to deprive the Negro of all possibility of agitating for his rights. Giving, loaning, or promising money to an organization which is declared unlawful by the terms of the act is forbidden; there is no loophole for even the most innocent contributor. Section 10 is aimed straight at political parties and does precisely what the Republicans at Albany are seeking to do; it makes the member of a party responsible for the acts and the platform of the party, a thing that the most hide-bound Tory must admit is a new departure in American politics. Mr. Gompers has pointed out the effect that the Graham and Sterling bills would have upon labor. There is ground for suspecting that one of the motives behind the bills is to create a procedure under which strikes may be declared to be seditious, and all who engage in them may be subjected to drastic penalties. If either the Graham or the Sterling bill is to be taken as representing the attitude of the Administration, the last shred of confidence which the American people may still retain for Mr. Wilson and his supporters will have been destroyed.

Our Fathers Have Taught Us

NOW that we are instructing our aliens how to become good Americans after the example of the fathers of the nation, let us turn for a moment to that pillar of society and church and state, Cotton Mather, who in his life of Sir William Phips tells some interesting (and just at present very pertinent) things about the episode of the witches at Salem. "It is to be confessed and bewailed, that many . . . and young people especially, had been led away with little *sorceries.* . . . Wretched books had stolen into the land . . . and by these books, the minds of many had been . . . poisoned. . . . The *devils* which had been so played withal, and, it may be, by some few criminals more explicitly engaged and employed, now broke in upon the country, after as astonishing a manner as was ever heard of." Here follow the particulars of the pinching and pricking and scalding and teasing of which the devils were guilty. "Flashy people," Cotton Mather continues, "may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in a country where they have as much *mother-wit* certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be *true,* nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of Sadducism can question them."

"There were very worthy men upon the spot where the *assault from hell* was first made," so the Puritan divine narrates, "who apprehended themselves called from the God of heaven to sift the business unto the bottom of it. . . . The persons were men eminent for wisdom and virtue, and they went about their enquiry into the matter, as *driven* unto it by a conscience of duty to God and the world. They

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did in the first place take it for granted that there are *witches*, or wicked children of men, who upon *covenanting* with, and *commissioning* of *evil spirits*, are attended by their ministry to accomplish the things desired of them: to satisfie them in which perswasion, they had . . . the *assertions* of holy Scriptures . . . and . . . the well-attested *relations* of the gravest authors . . . to deny all which, would be as reasonable as to turn the chronicles of all nations into romances of '*Don Quixote*' and the '*Seven Champions.*' . . . The existence of such witches was now taken for granted by those good men, wherein so far the generality of reasonable men have thought *they ran well.* . . . Now, many good men took up an opinion . . . that a concurrence of so many circumstances would prove an accused to be in a *confederacy* with the dæmons thus afflicting of the neighbours; they judged that, except these things might amount unto a conviction, it would scarce be possible ever to *convict a witch:* and they had some *philosophical schemes of witchcraft* . . . which further supported them in their opinion." Our hectored aliens will be touched as well as instructed by the spectacle of the established citizens of Salem and thereabouts first taking witches for granted, then straining the necessary points to make convictions possible, and finally sustaining themselves with philosophical opinions regarding witchcraft. They were in fact so competently sustained that they hanged nineteen persons, pressed another to death, and let at least two more die in jail.

Not all Salem, however, was hysterical. "On the other part," to quote the saintly and awe-stricken Mather again, "there were many persons of great judgment, piety and experience, who from the beginning were much dissatisfied at these proceedings. . . . They now saw, that the more the *afflicted* were hearkened unto, the more the number of the *accused* encreased; until at last many scores were *cried out* upon, and among them, some who, by the unblameableness—yea, and serviceableness—of their whole conversation, had obtained the reputation of *good people* among all that were acquainted with them. The character of the afflicted likewise added unto the common distaste; for though some of *them* too were *good people*, yet others of them, and such of them as were most flippent at *accusing*, had a far other character." Consequently the liberal and sober consulted the learned divines of the province and also the Dutch and French clergymen of New York, and got from both groups counsels of moderation. To the New Yorkers it seemed that "a *good name*, obtained by a *good life*, should not be lost by meer *astral accusations*." After this came reaction with a rush.

"In fine, the last courts that sate upon this *thorny business*, finding that it was impossible to penetrate into the whole meaning of the things that had happened, and that so many *unsearchable cheats* were interwoven into the *conclusion* of a mysterious business, which perhaps had not crept thereinto at the *beginning* of it, they *cleared* the accused as fast as they *tried* them; and within a little while the afflicted were most of them delivered out of their troubles also." Will such afflicted souls as sit upon the Lusk Committee ever be cured? How many of them will ever be in the position of those New Englanders who, according to Mather, were later "full of *doubts*, about the *steps* which were taken, while a *war* from the *invisible world* was terrifying of them; and whether they did not kill some of their *own side* in the *smoke* and *noise* of this dreadful war"?

Sophie and Her Tips

"SOPHIE Sports Fine Bus with $90 Tips." Thus the headlines. There follows an account of how Sophie, a waitress in a New York restaurant, was arrested by a traffic policeman for wrongly manœuvring her $4,500 automobile at a street crossing. In the police court the magistrate fined Sophie $2 and observed, anent the automobile, that waiting on table must be a profitable profession. Sophie responded that her salary was $12 a week, but added as an afterthought that her tips ran to $80 or $90 in addition.

Such are the facts. What is the moral? It is this last that the editor is expected to supply. But Sophie seems to have passed out of the editor's world. Time was when we knew familiarly a number of waitresses—well enough, even, to call them by their first names—but since Sophie has graduated into the automobile class, it is as hard to write understandingly of her as of the home life of the Shah of Persia. One of the obvious morals that suggests itself is that the public should not give such large tips. This would mean that waitresses could no longer afford automobiles and thus would be in no danger of breaking the traffic regulations. But, on second thought, we can think of no reason why we would not as soon be run over at a street crossing by Sophie the Waitress as by Goldchest the Banker. We have no prejudices against professions in this matter, but we admit strong preferences in regard to cars. There is a certain éclat in being run down by a $4,500 machine like Sophie's that does not attach at all to gathering up one's arms and legs after being passed over by an $850 second-hand car driven by some member of the proletariat.

In that marvellous lottery, the distribution of this world's goods, we would as soon that Sophie drew a $4,500 automobile as that anybody else should have it. Besides, there is not the slightest use in advising the American public to be intelligent in its tipping. If it had wished to be that, it would not have started the practice at all. Tipping is a comparatively recent institution in the United States, and grew out of the desire of some persons to establish a servant class—non-existent in our earlier and more democratic days. When Americans want anything, it is traditional that they are willing to pay for it. They have had to pay high for a servant class, and the outlook is that they will have to pay still higher. That, indeed, is the most hopeful aspect of the situation. We have achieved a servant class, but it is rapidly becoming, also, our ruling class. There is less democracy in the situation of the modern "maid" than in that of the old-fashioned "hired girl," but there is more money; there has to be. We may progress thus until the servant class waxes so wealthy as to become a new aristocracy. When this new aristocracy is established, there will, of course, be a stampede to get into it. Then wages will fall, and it may once more be possible to hire—and keep—a cook.

But, in spite of all this moralizing, we do not feel that we have yet evolved a satisfactory moral from the story. Perhaps that is because there is no satisfactory moral in it. The only constructive suggestion, indeed, that occurs to us is that, if anyone envies or begrudges Sophie her tips, the practical way out is to go and dine at her restaurant, treat her nicely, and perhaps win an invitation to have a ride in that $4,500 bus. For our own part, we shall continue, as now, to take most of our nourishment from an arm chair in a waiterless, tipless lunch room.

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Liberal Culture in Action

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

EVEN before the war the times were looked upon as the supreme age of action. The gospel of doing things was being preached unto the uttermost part of the earth. Religion had changed. The salvation of one's own soul from spiritual torment in the hereafter had been all but forgotten as a motive, and its place taken by the salvation of one's neighbor from material ills in the present. Christianity felt itself under the threat of banishment if it did not become sociological. The smartness of the institutional church gave the old-style adorational church by contrast an air of the mediæval. Faith without works was more than ever dead; only works could stand alone. Whatever savored of contemplation or deliberation or leisure, to say nothing of hesitation or delay, whatever did not promise substantial and immediate results, was looked at askance as selfishly complacent and even criminal. To be spiritually minded was no longer sufficient, and not even so very important. To be dynamically minded was to be saved.

The urge of the dynamic was felt in school and college even more than in church. The old-time college course bade fair to disappear. What with free election and the levelling of degrees, what with the multiplication of courses leading directly and immediately to "life," what with the determination of the tone of the college by the ever increasing number of students to whom "life" was only the equivalent of livelihood, what with the dependence of many of the most important institutions upon the approval of the people as expressed by elected legislative bodies, the college and the university had also become converts to the gospel of doing things. Philosophy the Guide of Life was rivalled by Service to the Commonwealth, and the term "service" meant always visible and measurable action. The State university began to define itself as Knowledge in Action. The distinction between pure and applied knowledge was made prominent as never before. Applied economics, applied physics, applied mathematics, applied arts, courses in commerce, courses in "business" English, teachers' courses, courses in journalism, courses in domestic science, vocational courses in general—all these, springing up in the college of liberal arts and either choking out or hybridizing the time-honored liberal subjects, were testimony to the age's faith in the concrete. Even the ancient classics began to be gymnastic; pamphlets, books, and courses on The Practical Value of Latin appeared. In some colleges under denominational control there were even chairs in applied Christianity; which was to say, of course, that hitherto Christianity had not been applied. The baccalaureate address was no longer delivered by men of contemplation, but by men of action; it was no longer a sermon or an essay on a spiritual or an intellectual theme, but a dissertation or an exhortation in civics or sociology. His High Well-born Excellency the Count von Bernstorff, for example, gave the Wisconsin congregation a pleasant Sunday afternoon on the fruitful topic of Social Insurance in Germany; incidentally so far following the fashion of the times in avoiding contemplation as to take the bulk of both material and expression from the book of an English investigator. History gave way to prophecy as meditation gave place to action. The Golden Age was now no longer in the past, but in the future. Progress and movement were identical, as were also contemplation and stagnation. The doctrine of the development of personality both as a personal privilege and as a duty to society, not long before so popular, came under condemnation. The love of personal excellence, intellectual or spiritual, was branded as selfish. The scholar not socially minded was an anachronism, a useless limb of society living unto himself alone. The term "highbrow" was applied not only to the absurd who deserved it, but to the larger congregation of those possessed of genuine taste for the intellectual and the æsthetic who were guilty of exceeding the democratic average. Learning for learning's sake was as idle and as criminal as art for art's sake.

The war came. Before it had lasted a year the most widespread and most destructive of all conflicts left no doubt, if indeed doubt there had been, that this was in very truth the supremest of all ages of action. Never in history had there been such a demand upon men for actual material effort. Every moment was tense with action, every ounce of matter was energized, every impulse was converted into movement, every muscle was strained to the uttermost, every item of knowledge transformed into physical power. The saint ceased his contemplation, the scholar his calculation, and went to war. The painter forsook his palette, the sculptor his chisel, the poet his pen, and took up rifle and grenade. A man was a man—the nimbler of mind and muscle the better; but, unless nimbleness of mind and muscle was convertible into actual thrust at the front, he was the less a man. The prayer-meeting was suspended; its place was taken by oakum-picking and the wrapping of parcels for the front. There were no more closet retreats and campaigns for the conversion of souls; the distribution of doughnuts and cigarettes was now the approved form of religion. No man or woman felt at ease whose hands were not actually upon the materials of war. The universal impulse was to "do something." Such was its force that those who were already doing something dropped their tools and rushed off inconsequently to do something different.

For those who before had believed in practical education, the first months of war clinched the argument. Where now was the use of philosophy and the classics, of pure science and mathematics, of closet-economics? Witness Germany; because Germany had for years been converting her scientific knowledge into machines, guns, and ammunition, her history and economics and political science, and even her philosophy, art, and religion, into the making ready of men and material for the most tremendous effort in history, behold her sweeping everything before her, while her impractical victims were caught without a weapon to hand.

The continuation of the war confirmed this manner of thinking. It was solely by dint of imitating German methods of applied knowledge that the Allies were able to restore the balance; and, afterward, it was by the exertion of supreme energy in material ways that victory was assured.

With the assurance, the minds of the practical educationists, already turned toward the future, were fixed. There was to be a New Education, together with the numerous

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other new things now being enthusiastically promised, and in the new education the stress upon the applied was to be so overwhelming as to amount to revolution.

And such has been the impression made by this idea that many of even the broadest-minded educators have accepted without question the notion that great and essential changes in the scheme of education are not only imminent, but to be desired. The strong wine of having "done something" has gone to the heads of many of those who, hitherto sedentary and timid, actually laid hands on the machinery of war, and to the heads of more of those to whom less direct acts of participation were even more stimulating.

That there will be an increase in the demand for practical education as a natural accompaniment of the reëstablishment of the world's disordered activities, no one doubts. Before denying so-called pure knowledge its due proportion of importance, however, and before allowing the already too extensive inroads of the vocational into the territory of liberal culture to continue, a word should be said as to the real nature of liberal culture as a factor in winning the war.

Who won the war? Cry out the question, and the answer is a great chorus. "We," say the chemists, "with our gases and our explosives; we won the war." "We," say the mathematicians, "with our calculations and our tabulations; we won the war." "We," say the geologists and the geographers and the photographers and the engineers, "with our prints and our maps and our roads and bridges and mines and machines." "We," say the factories and the farms, "with our production of ammunition and supplies." "We," say the Red Cross and the medical service and the workers at home, "with our hygiene and our hospitals and our support behind the lines." "We," the men in uniform might say, if men in uniform were less disposed to silence, "with our nerve and brawn and skill of hand. We bore the brunt of battle on sea and land and in the clouds. We won the war."

But they that won the war were more than these, who are but the chorus of the visible and the audible. There are figures unseen, and voices unheard in the multitude. There is the voice of the pure scientist, the voice of the teacher of the liberal arts; there are the voices of poet, priest, and painter; there are the voices not only of the present, but of the dead in generations past. These are the choir invisible and inaudible of the winners of the war. It is not denying the claims of those who did things to assert that without these others they never could have won the war, but would be tasting now the bitterness of universal defeat and degradation and despair.

Consider the source of applied knowledge. The very term implies the prior existence of pure knowledge. The den of the mechanical enthusiast, the laboratory of the curious experimenter, the study of the dreamer, have been the birthplace of inventions, processes, and ideas which, probably more often than not, served at first no purpose more practical than the gratification of minds pursuing investigation because intellectual or scientific curiosity was the law of their nature. In one of our large universities a professor of mathematical physics with only a handful of students had been so disturbed by the sense of uselessness that he had more than once relieved his conscience by confiding his doubts to the dean of the college. It happened to be a dean who had faith, and understood the duty of deans. When this professor and others like him were later called into service by the Government and solved the problem of "listening" for the submarine, pure knowledge became all of a sudden applied knowledge. So may any item of pure knowledge, at any moment, become applied knowledge, and the pursuit of knowledge for knowledge's sake may result in knowledge in action. The pure science which yesterday was the object of indulgent or contemptuous smiles is today a necessary cog in the machine of the world's work. And it is worth while for the enthusiastic sons of action to note carefully that, without pure knowledge at hand waiting to be used as need arose, there would be no applied knowledge. Necessity the mother of invention is not quite the whole truth. Necessity is only the foster mother of invention. The mother of invention is the love of invention. Pure science, too, could lay claim to having won the war.

But what can be said for poetry and painting, for essay and sermon, and for all the unmilitary and unpractical products of the religious life and liberal education, and for the dead and gone past?

Simply this. Spirit won the war. Idealism won the war. We were many members, but one body in the war, and we were every one members of another; but it was the soul which animated the body that won the war. The vast engine of war had need of every plate and rivet and wheel and pinion and lever, but it had need also of steam to give it life. Without steam it would have been only a bulk of dead matter. Morale won the war. Courage won the war. Pride won the war. Cardinal Mercier and King Albert and the tradition of Belgian bravery as preserved in church and school and home won the war. The Commentaries of Julius Caesar, with their *horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae*, won the war. Shakespeare and Westminster Abbey and Oxford and the British ideal of sportsmanship won the war. Lafayette and French and American love of liberty and feeling for phrase won the war. Rouget de l'Isle and Julia Ward Howe and Garibaldi's Hymn won the war. Whatever we call it—devotion, morale, idealism—it was always something emotional, and its sources are to be sought in the realm of the imagination rather than of the practical.

And it was not merely spirit, but spirit of a special quality. What won the war was the finely tempered product of centuries of aspiration for honor and freedom and justice. There were a dozen times in the course of the conflict when ignorant or unenlightened, or practical and commercial peoples who were merely civilized and not enlightened, would have laid down their weapons at the feet of the seemingly irresistible foe. It was like the Punic war: "So varying and so doubtful were its fortunes that those who won were nearer to destruction than those who lost." But the temper of those who fought for the superior cause made impossible even the thought of yielding, and that temper was the forging of the complex influences that go to make up what we call the cultural life of a people or an individual; influences commonly taken for granted, and by men of practical affairs often disregarded and even despised. The product of useless and neglected liberal culture became in the tense moment of our agony precisely what was needed, the one indispensable thing. It filled the Belgian soul with invincible courage when there was no ray of hope. It sent England into the conflict unprepared and almost unreflecting. It thrice-armed France with the sense that her quarrel was just. It sent America across the ocean contrary to every argument of material welfare. It gave to us all the shield of faith.

Applied culture won the war. But if there had been no pure culture, no culture for culture's sake, no indulgence

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of men's natural desire to live a life above and beyond the mere business of existence; if as nations we had been bred only to the use of tools and facts, and not to the use of ideas and to the contemplation of ideals; if our interpretation of history and human action in general had been economic and practical instead of ideal and heroic; if we had had no poetry, no pictures, no statues, no songs; if we had lived less as poets and lovers of light, and more as lovers of self and seekers after advantage—there would have been no culture to apply, no conversion of outraged Belgium and Serbia and the Lusitania into the unconquerable sword of the spirit that wrought our deliverance.

Jailing Radicals in Detroit

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

ON January 2 Arthur L. Barkey, chief agent of the Department of Justice in Detroit, received an order from Attorney General Palmer instructing Mr. Barkey, according to his own statement, to raid the headquarters of a group of interdicted organizations, principally the Communist party, "as long as they continue to meet," in a "supreme effort to break the back of radicalism" in Detroit. As a result, eight hundred men were imprisoned for from three to six days in a dark, windowless, narrow corridor running around the big central areaway of the city's antiquated Federal Building; they slept on the bare stone floor at night, in the heavy heat that welled sickeningly up to the low roof, just over their heads; they were shoved and jostled about by heavy-handed policemen; they were forbidden even the chance to perform a makeshift shave; they were compelled to stand in long lines for access to the solitary drinking fountain and the one toilet; they were denied all food for twenty hours, and after that were fed on what their families brought in; and they were refused all communication with relatives or with attorneys. These eight hundred men, so closely packed that they had to step over one another's bodies to move about at all, included in their number citizens and aliens, college graduates and laborers, skilled mechanics making $15 a day and boys not yet out of short trousers. They were seized without warrant while attending dances and classes in physical geography and similar subjects; they were herded behind bars with no examination and no chance to inquire or explain; they were labeled in the newspapers as "Reds, Bolsheviks, Anarchists, Terrorists," and were left there for the jeering gaze of the credulous, befoozled public.

What was the crime of the eight hundred? The crime was that these men were attending a dance or studying physical geography and other sciences in a hall known as the House of the Masses, the headquarters of the Communist party in Detroit. And back of that was the crime of the Communist party—which has about one member for every thousand men in the country—in declaring, in stock phrases, for "proletarian revolution, the overthrow of capitalism, and the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat and destruction of the bourgeois state."

So the Department of Justice held in this dark, foul cage a young American-born college instructor who had come down from the university during the holidays to teach this revolutionary class in physical geography so that he could better support his wife and child. Three days and three nights they held him. They held a 17-year-old boy, who had been caught while at the House of the Masses to see a man about a job. They held from four to a dozen men who had simply been having a drink of near-beer in a café on the first floor of the building. They held at least one man who had simply stopped out of curiosity.

They held 22 men taken from another hall near by, and labelled in the reports as the headquarters of the I. W. W. "We did not leave them a scrap of paper with which to do business," one paper quoted Mr. Barkey as saying. Eighteen days later, three of these twenty-two, who, of course, were finally released, appeared before Mayor Couzens with an appeal for aid. They were officers of the Workingmen's Sick Benefit and Educational Society, they said, and with 200 sick members on their lists, they were unable to pay benefits because the Department of Justice had taken their membership and sick lists. They feared some of the members might be facing death for lack of the money due them. "We have tried to get the members together," said one of them, "but they are so afraid of being arrested that they won't come to a meeting. And the Department of Justice won't give us the lists." The Mayor promised to do what he could. The headquarters of the I. W. W. were actually several blocks farther down the street. The twenty-two members of the Workingmen's Sick Benefit and Educational Society were playing checkers when the raid was made, they told the Mayor.

The officers held one young man who was getting his dinner in the coöperative restaurant run by the Workers' Educational Society, which controls the House of the Masses. "He quit the Communist party because he didn't believe in force," his sister said. "But the restaurant has better meals at cheap prices than any place around there, and he always ate there. They've had him ten days now."

The raiders held altogether, it would appear from tabulations of releases made from time to time, more than 350 American citizens, or aliens who could prove conclusively, in the Department's secret examinations, that they had not even a "cursory interest in radicalism." For from three to six days they held these men and boys in this temporary prison, and then began to transfer them to precinct police stations and to the "bull pen" in the Municipal Building. All this time there was a state approaching chaos in the offices of the Department of Justice. No list of those held was available. Frantic wives and children haunted the lower halls in the Federal Building, hoping to catch a glimpse of their men through the narrow apertures of the top-floor corridor railing. "The constabulary believe that the prisoners were being incited by a number of well-dressed women, who came up to the fourth floor and waved handkerchiefs and scarfs to them," said one newspaper in reporting the efforts of these relatives to learn if their men-folk were among the prisoners. The women often were well dressed, for their husbands were skilled workmen, earning substantial wages in many cases.

As the men were transferred to the precinct stations, policemen sent these frightened women out to these stations, when calls for the men wanted, which were permitted after

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the first few days, failed to bring a response. For days they beseiged the precinct stations, bullied by the police and refused permission to see their men or learn where they were. In many cases, it was more than a desire to converse that led these women on their fruitless search. They needed food at home. Their children were suffering from lack of bread. Their men had cash in many instances; most of them had bank deposits also; but under the order holding them *incommunicado* it was impossible for their wives to get either the cash or orders on the bank for the money they needed to stave off hunger. Dozens of the women were sent to the public welfare commission by their attorneys. One attorney tells of a woman fainting in his office. On being revived, she said she had eaten nothing for three days. Taken to a nearby restaurant, she fainted again at the smell of food.

Among these families were the wives and children of American citizens, whom officials of the Department of Justice admitted they had no right to arrest. "Do you know how many citizens you've got up there?" Mr. Barkey was asked by a reporter on the third day after the first raid. "No, no," he replied nervously, "but don't say anything about citizens being held. We haven't any right to arrest citizens, you know, so don't say anything about that." When one newspaper reported Mr. Barkey to this effect, and told the conditions under which the men were being held, another journal reported his reply as follows: "The public should bear in mind that this is not a picnic, and the Department of Justice is not providing settees for criminals [350 of whom were later released for lack of evidence]. They have to sleep on the floor. That's right. But a stone bed in the post office probably isn't any harder than a board bed in the jail. The majority of them are getting better than their five-sleep-in-a-bed homes, and they have more food than they can eat. Relatives and friends have brought in whole boiled hams, boxes of oranges, and other delicacies."

At the Municipal Building, where some of the men were taken after six days in the corridor prison, the same abominable conditions were reëstablished. From 130 to 140 men were herded into the police "bull pen," a room built to hold petty offenders for not more than three or four hours, a one-window cellar room, twenty-four by thirty feet in size, with no place to rest but wooden benches and a stone floor. For seven days these men were held here, sleeping on the floor, fed largely by the contributions from relatives handed through the single grated door. Many of them were ill; one was suffering from an infected hand which had had no treatment. Employees in the café of the building threatened to quit if the men were not removed. "These conditions are intolerable in a civilized city," Mayor Couzens told the City Council, after asking it to demand that the Federal authorities remove the men to a proper place of confinement. To back up his request, he submitted a report from the superintendent of municipal buildings and the health commissioner, reporting the situation as "intolerable and a menace to the health of the city." Nothing was said of the health of the imprisoned men. "The conditions are no worse than they were in the Federal Building," the health commissioner said.

When the prisoners held in the "bull pen" were taken there from the Federal Building, camera men were on hand to film them. Six days' imprisonment without opportunity to shave, six nights of sleeping in their clothing on a stone floor, had prepared them well for the enforced rôle of "Bolshevik terrorists" with which the public is regaled. And these films, like the photographs taken at the House of the Masses, probably are doing their vicious work of rousing hate and intolerance all over the country today. At the House of the Masses, some Revolutionary War flintlocks, used in presenting costume plays, were found in a cupboard. Stacked before a great pile of books thrown from the institution's library and surmounted with framed pictures of Lenin, Trotzky, and Marx, they made a picture all too falsely convincing of the "menace of Bolshevism."

Today, January 19, the 300 men left of the 800 seized are housed in an old army fort here. In addition, about 140 are out on bond. Warrants for holding these 440 arrived from Washington on January 12, ten days after the raids. These warrants, the chief immigration inspector explained, "would block further efforts of attorneys to gain release for their clients through habeas corpus proceedings!" For there are a few attorneys courageous enough to take the cases of these persecuted people. One of them is Walter A. Nelson, a student of constitutional law and sociology, and head of a corporation engaged in supplying milk to 180 Detroit stores at two cents under the prevailing rate. "I would not defend one of these aliens if the Government would open its gates and permit them to leave the country," Mr. Nelson said. "But the Government refuses them passports to leave and then arrests them for staying here. Scores of these people came to me months ago to help them get passports. I couldn't get them. Now the Government proposes to ship them to some unknown port, with what not possibilities of death awaiting them, and to leave their families behind to starve. It is an outraging of everything that America ever has stood for."

This is the situation in Detroit today. Nearly 400 men, citizens and aliens, are free again after being confined for one to two weeks under conditions of horror, confined because their peaceful assemblage, guaranteed by the Constitution, led the Department of Justice to suspect that their beliefs, also protected under the Constitution, were inimical to the peace and safety of 110,000,000 people. Nearly 400 men are free after a taste of "Americanization" that bodes ill for any future Americanizers who do not come backed by the clubs of the police and the constabulary.

Nearly 400 men, and hundreds more women and children, have had the seeds of hatred sown in their breasts. And probably 400 others, no more guilty of a crime than these, are waiting exile to Europe to spread those same seeds of hatred there. Thousands more of the city's great foreign-born population have had terror planted in their bosoms—terror like that which makes it impossible for the leaders of a sick benefit society to get its members together. And terror and hate are close akin. As for those Detroiters who may sometime have read the American Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, or remembered the proud boast that this was the land of freedom for exiles from autocratic Europe, a revulsion silent, but none the less deep-seated and stern, has come. The Mayor, who speaks as strongly as he can, represents the indignation and resolution of others who speak not at all now, but who may speak at the ballot box at some not distant day. The people, sound at heart and steadfast for the right when they know the truth, will some day come to demand an accounting for this slaughter of Americanism to make a presidential candidate's holiday.

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Irish Nights

By RICHARD ROBERTS

THIS article was originally nothing but a plain account of some experiences I had in Ireland last summer. Since I first wrote it, a situation which then seemed to me to be unspeakably grave has become quite desperate; and very reluctantly I have had to abandon the hope that the pacification of Ireland could be accomplished by any "within-the-Empire" scheme of Home Rule. The incredible levity of the British Government in propounding at this time of day its childish "two-parliament" scheme is the last straw. And in the midst of this conflagration, a deputation of Ulster Protestants has come to this country to state the religious issue. It is time to say quite squarely that this is a fictitious issue. I do not suggest that these gentlemen from Ulster think it is a fictitious issue. They are honest and upright men. That does not alter the fictitious nature of the issue. Even among the younger generation in Ulster it is a moribund issue. In the rest of Ireland it is as dead as Queen Anne.

I am unimpeachably Protestant and anti-clerical. I have no illusions about the Vatican and the Curia. They have, in my opinion, been a blight upon religion. And they care no more for Ireland now than they did for Poland in 1831. The Vatican knows on which side its bread is buttered; and now that its former bulwark Austria is a ruin, it is not going to risk the disfavor of the English-speaking peoples whose conception of liberty is just now conveniently broad enough to cover the widest religious differences. It is well known that the people who have the pull at the Vatican today are the English Catholics—the Howards, the Talbots, and the like; and these people are incorrigibly Unionist almost to a man. And these are the strange bed-fellows of the Protestant deputation from Ulster. Let it not be supposed when I speak in this way that I have any animus against Roman Catholics or the Catholic church. I am only saying what numbers of Catholics are saying, what some Catholics have said to me. It is sometimes urged against Sinn Fein that it has numbers of young priests in its membership. Of course it has; and there is as great a gulf between these young priests and the older Irish priesthood as there is between some of the younger Protestant ministers in Ulster and the members of the deputation from Ulster now in this country.

What is afoot in Ireland today is not the old controversial religious issue. In the Sinn Fein movement, that issue is utterly dead, killed by a great creative vision. The yeast that is in Ireland is the awakening of a race and its struggle to be free to recover and to develop its own characteristic and rich racial culture. The Ulster deputation is flogging a dead horse, and the net effect of its propaganda is to perpetuate a harsh and irreligious imperialism. I went to Ireland to try to find out some things for myself. Follows a brief but faithful chronicle of some of the things I saw, heard and felt.

I

There were six of us in the little room—my host, myself, and four others. The four were all under thirty years of age; all four were also members of the British House of Commons. They had not, it is true, taken their seats in that august body, preferring the more congenial if less secure purlieus of *Dail Eireann,* which is the legislative assembly of the Irish Republic. Of the four men, two were of the Protestant faith, the other two Catholic. Not that you would have known this unless you had been told. Sinn Fein does not waste time in discussing religious differences; it has graver business on hand. When the Sinn Fein rebels of 1916 were deposited in Dartmoor prison, their commandant was Ernest Blythe. Now Blythe is a Protestant, and a Presbyterian to boot; yet it was Ernest Blythe who insisted that the Catholic Sinn Feiners should attend mass regularly in the prison chapel. These men respected one another's faith.

Blythe was one of our company that night. He is in prison now. He ought (according to the British authorities) to have been in prison then, and would have been, if they could have laid their hands on him. He was "on the run," as they say in Ireland, a fugitive from alleged justice. He had been found with a letter in his possession which contained matter which "the usurping Government of Great Britain" considered treasonable or seditious or something of that sort. Blythe was merely acting as a letter carrier between two friends; he did not know the contents of the letter; and when he knew what they were, he disapproved of them. Nevertheless the police took him, and probably were glad to have him, for he is by general consent a very able (and *ergo,* from the British viewpoint, a very dangerous) man. But he managed to escape—how I cannot say. Anyway, there he was that evening, talking composedly as though there were no "G men" in the world. ("G men," be it understood, are those men of the Dublin police force who are assigned to "political" work.)

The other Protestant of the group was Robert Barton, a man of different type, less reflective, more pragmatic in temper. He is a university man, by vocation a farmer—a farmer of the modern kind, scientific, experimental, business-like; and he has done much to improve the farming methods of his neighbors. When the war broke out in 1914, Barton took a commission in the British Army; and at Easter, 1916, he helped to suppress the Dublin rising. But he came across some Sinn Fein prisoners, who converted him. He resigned his army commission and became an active Sinn Feiner. Since then he has gained the characteristic Sinn Fein distinction of a sojourn in Mountjoy prison. As he told the governor of the prison in a touching farewell letter, he did not find his quarters in His Majesty's hotel very suitable; and so one day he made a quiet and unostentatious departure over the wall. He was "on the run" that evening, too; but he had for some weeks proved too elusive for the sleuths of the "G" brigade.

The two other Sinn Feiners of the group were Desmond Fitzgerald, young, handsome, with a light in his eye and "a way wid him"; and Robert Brennan, serious, solid, and with a brave Irish tongue, the organizer of the brilliant Sinn Fein victory at the December, 1918, elections. They were not "wanted" by the police just then; but as the police are very adept at devising pretexts for "wanting" you—well, you never know your luck. They had laid hands on Brennan on the eve of the election, perhaps supposing that if he were put out of the way for a few hours, the election

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results might be a little less revealing than they threatened to be. But if you are wise, you allow for little accidents of that kind. And Brennan is wise, and the election plans went through all right.

We talked for many hours that night, and talked of many things. But from all points of the compass, soon or late, we came back to the centre, to Ireland. It was Ireland, Ireland, Ireland, all the way. Did we discuss the Synoptic teaching upon non-resistance? It was because the question might have some bearing upon the deliverance of Ireland. Did we talk about the other Celtic peoples? We did; but it was because we felt that the Welsh and the Highland Scots were not as understanding of and actively friendly to their Irish kin as they might be. We talked politics, economics, religion, theology, philology, and agriculture; we argued about America and Egypt and India and the solar system; and it was great talk, too; no prattle. But Ireland was our subject; everything else was incidental. It was the kind of talk I wanted to hear, that I had gone to Ireland to hear. I had been puzzled about Sinn Fein; everything I had read about it was colored by extreme partisanship or extreme prejudice. Was Sinn Fein a mob of bloody ruffians who organized murder and cattle-lifting and the like, or was it a group of dreamers who had awakened a wild national passion which they could not control, and who were now perforce rather making a virtue of it and posing as "direct action" politicians? Or was there a policy, was there statesmanship and *savoir faire* about it?

Now the one thing that stood out stark in my mind then and has been there ever since was that these men represented the real life of Ireland today. They are the products of a national *élan vitale*, a great surging thing to which beyond peradventure the future of Ireland belongs. My friends were only incidentally Sinn Fein M. P.'s; they were incarnations of that strange almighty thing, the awakened life of a people. And it was perhaps because they felt this in their bones that they were neither perturbed nor impatient nor hurried. They knew that the thing which was heaving in them and in thousands like them must win out soon or late; and that tanks and machine guns and espionage and all the rest of the bankrupt expedients of the military mind in politics must presently surrender to a life which they are powerless to abate or to destroy, a life which must soon or late overleap all barriers.

There were other things, too, plain as daylight. To begin with, Sinn Fein, so far from countenancing or encouraging the murder of police officers or any other kind of atrocity whatsoever, has no part or lot in any such thing. It has been said that there is a movement afoot in Ireland today similar to the old Invincibles and that this is responsible for these deplorable deeds of violence. That is as it may be; I cannot tell. But I can tell that Sinn Fein knows that incidents of this character, so far from helping, actually hinder their hope. Further, it was evident that a resort to force to turn the "*de jure* Republic," as they call it, into a *de facto* affair, is not in sight. And this for obvious reasons. The recent numerous police raids have been conceived largely under the impression that arms are being secretly imported and stored; but the raiders' "bags" consist chiefly of old survivals, flintlocks, blunderbusses, ancient pistols, and the like. The arms are not there. Nor, even if they were, did I gather that the men with whom I spoke had any very great expectation that a second appeal to force would prove any more fruitful than the first. Meantime, they are content that the "Brass Hats"* should go on conquering Ireland for the Irish.

Still further, I perceived that, whatever may have been the case in the past, Ulster is now afraid only of a shadow. Sinn Fein would, I believe, give Ulster any safeguard she might ask; but Sinn Fein asks that the safeguards shall be given and guaranteed by an Irish Parliament. These men are ready to go any lengths to win Ulster into a United Irish Ireland. But unfortunately Ulster is frigid and forbidding and will not suffer herself to be wooed.

II

The events of the next evening began in a garden. Perhaps it is as well that I should not give the names of the persons who were there. One or two of them are known widely in two continents; and as they are still in Ireland, there are obvious reasons why I should simply say that it was very good company and leave it at that. While I was involved in a discussion of mysticism with a poet, a visitor bearing a historic name brought tidings which manifestly disturbed some of the company very seriously. The news was that a certain house in the city had been watched by "G men" all through the day; and as it transpired later, it was known to some of the company that a person "wanted" by the police was staying privately and incognito at that house. Three or four of the people present withdrew into the house; and I went on talking mysticism.

Presently I was invited to join the consultation in the house and to take a hand in getting X (let us call him that) away from the suspected house. Naturally I could not very well decline. Indeed, it was a stroke of great luck, to get right inside the Irish imbroglio in that way. In any case, I would gather some "atmosphere." So when the time came I put on my hat and coat, and set out in an automobile. There were three of us: the driver of the car, a charming Irish lady (whom we had better call A here), and myself. The automobile was to drop A at a convenient quiet spot a few minutes away from the house where X was and she was to go thither on foot at top speed. There she was to inform X of the facts of the situation (in case he should be, as it turned out he was, unaware of his danger) and in the event of his deciding to go away, she was to bid him be ready to take upon himself the more obvious clothing of a person who would arrive at the house in ten minutes' time. In ten minutes, the automobile brought me to the house; I knocked and was admitted. X was waiting in the vestibule, swiftly got into my coat and hat, and went out into the night. We had thirty anxious seconds until we heard the automobile throb away out of hearing. Five minutes later, A and I walked away from the house together. At that moment, chance brought a lady friend of A's along and we stayed some minutes talking. I had all the opportunity I wanted to count the gentlemen who stood discreetly in the shadow of the wall across the street. There were four of them. Then we walked back to where we had come from; and the little incident was over.

It was all very simple and obvious; and that kind of thing is going on all the time all over Ireland. Arrests, raids (about two hundred a week on the average), machine guns, tanks, soldiers, detectives—these represent British statesmanship in Ireland today.† But this is not statesman-

* A "Brass Hat" is a British army staff officer—a complimentary name invented by Mr. Thomas Atkins.

† A summary for the week ending December 13, 1919, as reported in the daily press, shows 188 raids, 32 arrests, 11 sentences, 8 proclamations and suppressions, 9 deportations, and 1 armed assault.

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ship; it is the very denial of it. There is disorder and crime in Ireland; but what wonder that there is? For the process goes on in a vicious circle of provocation, exasperation, reprisal; and to this deadly sequence there is no end. Since I was in Ireland, the situation has become much worse, as anyone with an eye in his head could have foreseen. The scale of these episodes has grown steadily; and unless some change of temper and policy comes quickly, it is difficult to see any logical end to the business but the extermination of the Irish people.

But it is not only the political effect of the situation that is serious; its moral consequences are graver still. Virtually a whole nation is being driven to resort to the tactics of evasion and deceit and sporadic violence; and it is impossible not to feel profound misgiving for the effects upon the national character of habituation to a sub-moral conduct of life. The policy of Great Britain is involving her in a deeper shame than political bankruptcy, in the unspeakable crime of perverting, if not of destroying, the moral sense of a people. One thing more. These military and quasi-legal exploits of the British authorities are rapidly driving all the moderate opinion over to Sinn Fein. I state this from my own personal observation. If this policy of repression and coercion is continued much longer, England may fix a gulf between herself and Ireland which she may find herself powerless ever to bridge.

III

The sun was setting in unspeakable glory over the highlands of County Dublin. We stood upon the roof of the house in silence, each of us perhaps, one of us certainly, wondering at the contrast between the peace and loveliness of sky and hill and sea and the deep human tragedy that was being worked out in passion and stupidity, misunderstanding and bitterness, throughout that fair land. It was the home of a great Irishman, who had spent his life for Ireland, whom Sinn Fein respects for his uprightness and his love of his country, though he is far from being one of them. Painfully and slowly he has come to see that there is no way out of Ireland's trouble but that of making her mistress in her own house; and it is to secure that end that he is giving his strength today. Just now he is a sad and troubled man. No man has wrought more or suffered more for the peace of Ireland than he; he is still persuaded that the best thing for Ireland and for Great Britain is not separation but union. But it must be a union of friends and therefore a union in freedom. But Great Britain by her present behavior in Ireland is making such a union virtually impossible. She fails to see that a policy of coercion against a high-spirited people must be cumulative; and as there is no likelihood that the spirit of the Irish people will be broken, the logic of the present procedure leads at best to the conversion of Ireland into a huge penal settlement, a country governed by the police officer and the "Brass Hat." So this great Irishman was somewhat bowed in spirit as we spoke of Ireland. Yet he was full of charity. Indeed as I look back upon my visit to Ireland, I am struck by the absence of rancor and bitterness in the people whom I met. Not an uncharitable word about persons, not even about Sir Edward Carson, that evil genius of Ulster, did I hear; no, not even at the Sinn Fein headquarters. I have taken great comfort from this. If only this native Irish generosity had a chance! For after all what is fundamentally wanted is not so much a new policy as a new temper; and in point of temper, as I saw it during those summer days, Ireland does not seem far from the Kingdom of God.

But what about England? Will England forgive Ireland for not helping in the war, for obstructing the war, for taking advantage of the war to have a fling for her own independence? Well, I saw a good many people in England, too, and I found a growing conviction that Ireland had been very badly mishandled. Again and again, people of all kinds said that Mr. Lloyd George had made the cardinal mistake of his career when he tried to barter Home Rule for a measure of conscription. Ireland has had a surfeit of coercion, and to put the conscription pill in the Home Rule jam was simply to invite miscarriage. Englishmen are seeing this and much that is like it more and more clearly; and there was no bitterness toward Ireland in any Englishman that I met. *The Times* in a preamble to its own scheme for an Irish settlement proclaimed its goodwill to the Irish people; and that is a pretty general attitude. It only remains to convert this goodwill into an Act of Parliament. But it should be an Act of Parliament recognizing the independence of Ireland; for I think it is too late for anything else, and nothing else is sufficient to save the unity of the English-speaking peoples.

We descended from the roof to the library; and the talk drifted away to other things. "What do you think," asked my host, "has been the effect of the war on the churches?" "Frankly," I replied, "I think it has been disastrous. The churches as a whole missed the way. They failed to say anything during the war materially different from what the journalists and the politicians were saying—and saying very much better, too. That was not the church's *métier*. She should, even in spite of the overwhelming political and moral case against Germany, not have ceased from stressing what is, whether in war or in peace, the distinctive genius of the Christian gospel." "And that is——?" "Well, it seems to me that the prime business of Christianity is to enforce those principles of human unity which are intended to overcome the divisive and separative tendencies of human nature. The great New Testament word is reconciliation; the great Christian graces are the society-making virtues. I do not see how anyone who reads the New Testament with intelligence can miss this. From the beginning to the end, there is one thing in the forefront—forgiveness. I think William Blake was right when he said that 'the religion of Jesus is perpetual forgiveness of sins.'"

"Forgiveness"—my host took up the word slowly and gravely; and then, after a pause, "I think you are right. Forgiveness, yes, that's it." I believe he was thinking of Ireland; and I recalled how Michael Davitt had once said that the Land League was meant to be the embodiment of the triumph of what was forgiving over what was vindictive in his Irish nature (only the ineptitude of British statesmanship would not let it be what it was meant to be). And irresistibly there came to my mind the lines of an English poet who had much Irish blood in his veins, William Blake:

Why should punishment weave the veil with iron wheels of war,
When forgiveness might weave it with wings of cherubim?

P. S. (December 20) The attempt to assassinate Lord French is wicked beyond words; but the real responsibility is on the British Government. Terrorism is being met with terrorism. I repeat my profound conviction that Sinn Fein has nothing to do with these criminal outbreaks. Yet neither side can think straight until the British Government withdraws its military establishment.

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Foreign Correspondence

I. A European Danger Spot*

Warsaw, October 20

THE eastern front, where the Poles and the Russians are fighting intermittently, is 500 kilometres and more from Warsaw, yet it is curiously easy here to feel that war operations are close at hand. The companies of soldiers passing and repassing; the trains of army wagons, Russian style, and motor lorries; the military police patrolling the main streets and demanding your pass if you are abroad after midnight; the presence of British, French, Italian, and American officers on the streets and in the hotels and cafés; the eager scrutiny of newspapers or bulletins containing the latest reports from the front; and complaints that the military authorities are none too considerate in their relations with civil functionaries, all combine to give the impression that the peace which the defeat of the Central Powers was supposed to have established and insured is still, for Poland at least, a theory rather than a reality. Instinctively I found myself asking the same questions that the Poles themselves, together with the foreign military officials who are here to watch and advise them, are also asking. Can the Bolshevist tide be stemmed and the eastern front be made secure? Will the Allies aid the Polish army, which is in desperate straits from lack of supplies? Can the new Polish state, long divided by historic misfortune, hold together now that it is united and free?

The two replies to such questions which one hears most often came to me, as it happened, on the same day and from the same person. I was talking with a permanent official of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The office, a moderate-sized room with sleeping quarters partitioned off by curtains at either end, had been the office of the former Russian Governor of Warsaw. Through the doorway, opposite the Governor's chair in which I sat, had passed, in long years only just ended, the sad procession of Polish men and women charged with political offenses; and few who entered that fatal room as prisoners had left it free. The place was saturated with the hateful memories of a régime which to the Poles meant only oppression, injustice, and heartless cruelty. The official upon whom I was calling traced upon a map the position of the Polish armies, read me a dispatch or two, and said, as he offered tea: "Do you not perceive the lesson of the map? It is simple and clear. Poland is the outpost of western Europe against Bolshevism; if the eastern front gives way, Europe is lost. But our troops are in distress; it is already winter, and our soldiers have no shoes, no underclothing, no greatcoats, no mittens. The Allies must help us, and most of all America, for we are not fighting for conquest or even for ourselves alone; it is the civilization of Europe that is at stake."

That evening at dinner the same official told me the following story: "My father," said he, "was a Polish gentleman and landowner who fought in the wars of 1866; my grandfather fought in 1848, my great-grandfather in the Napoleonic wars. My father, as was the custom of Polish gentlemen, wore a heavy mustache. An order was issued by the Russian Government requiring all Polish gentlemen to shave off the mustache. My father refused, whereupon he was arrested and taken before the Governor; in the Governor's presence a common soldier with a pocket knife removed the mustache, and my father was sent to Siberia. Do you suppose," he continued, "that my father went to Siberia for his mustache? No. My father went to Siberia for his rights as a Polish patriot, as a protest, vain though it was, against arbitrary invasion of his personal liberty. I, too, wear a mustache, although happily the special privileges of gentlemen and landowners have disappeared; and I, too, will suffer and fight rather than surrender my liberty, as will the whole Polish nation."

Obviously, in an atmosphere so surcharged with idealism, patriotism, and a sense of world mission, it is important to keep close to facts. So far as the organization of government is concerned, Poland has done well. When one remembers that practically everything, from the printing of departmental stationery or the designing of postage stamps to the framing of laws and the preparation of a budget, has had to be done *de novo* and at once, the accomplishments of the past eleven months are highly commendable. It is not the fault of Poland, but rather the inevitable consequence of war and of the tedious delay in making peace, that the railways are dilapidated and lacking in equipment; that the currency is depreciated, and that hunger, cold, and disease face the country this winter. The Diet has been as orderly and industrious as any European assembly; and party strife, while sharp enough, has not prevented the dispatch of important legislative business. One suspects that M. Paderewski's race is nearly run, and that neither his oratory nor his prestige will be likely to save him in another test of political strength. Political opinion at the capital has it that his successor will be a moderate, with a composite party following, and that more will be heard of General Pilsudski, the Chief of State, once M. Paderewski is out of the way. Industrially, on the other hand, the country is in a bad way. There are few signs of business activity at Warsaw save in a few retail trades; complaint is heard on all sides that the masses do not want to work; housing and rents are grievous problems; and the volume of imports and exports, if from the former be deducted the goods systematically smuggled through Germany, is small.

The two great problems of Poland, however, are defense and solidarity. I am not convinced that Poland, in spite of what more than one informant has taken pains to assure me, has no territorial ambitions in the east; on the contrary, the political spirit of this part of Poland strikes me as distinctly ambitious, and I am inclined to think that, if the Polish armies are at any time able to push the Russians back, Poland will be as anxious to hold the occupied territory as it now is to control Galicia. In this, provided it does not go too far, it may almost certainly count upon the support of France, whose influence is now predominant in Poland and whose officers are training the Polish troops; although, were French influence to be weakened by, say, the inability of France to furnish the military equipment and manufactured goods which Poland needs, and were Great Britain to succeed to the place of influence which France now holds, there might be a different story to tell. As matters stand today, Poland is unquestionably a buffer state against Russia; but it is also a natural market for the manufactures of Czecho-Slovakia and Germany, and a source of food supply which Central Europe has great need to utilize. So long as it is looked upon primarily as an outpost, it will continue to be dependent upon the Powers

*The fourth of a series of letters describing conditions in Central Europe.

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whose political schemes it serves, and may be expected, with its idealistic temper, to claim territorial rewards that will keep neighboring countries in turmoil. The solution of its difficulty at this point lies, not in keeping it at war and subjecting it to the continued pressure of foreign military commissions whose presence it has already begun to resent, but in the conclusion of peace with Russia by the Allies and the United States.

The question of defense is, unhappily, one which Poland alone cannot solve; the Powers also must act before Poland can be free. The question of solidarity, on the other hand, is for Poland itself to answer. The problem has two entirely different phases, one territorial, the other racial. Between Russian Poland and Prussian Poland, as they once were, there are differences as marked as those which distinguish two countries of different race and speech. The most casual observer has rarely failed to note the slovenly backwardness of the one and the orderly prosperity of the other; and Warsaw, the capital and the natural centre of political agitation, is in the backward portion. Over the long-time differences of history, allegiance, and governmental treatment has now been spread the mantle of a united country and a common patriotism; but the union is still formal rather than organic, and patriotism still lacks a controlling sense of common interest. In official circles and in "society" at Warsaw, the Prussian influence on the whole seems to predominate; for while it is "good form" to express dislike of the Germans, it is not to be forgotten that many Polish officers were trained in Germany, fought in the German armies, and still speak highly of the German military system, and that the Germans gave the Poles education while the Russians did not. The other phase of the question is the Jew. Hated for his race, his religion, his clannishness, and his lack of national spirit, feared for his ability and intellectual accomplishments, dreaded for his fecundity, and despised for the squalor in which he often lives and the garb which he affects, the Polish Jew is, to the non-Jewish population of Poland, everywhere the embodiment of an unassimilated and unassimilable human mass whose sheer weight threatens to break down the social structure upon which the life of the state is felt to depend. How to weld together a people who lack a common tradition in the practice of government, and huge masses of whom, while alien in thought and habit, are nevertheless bound together by subtle ties of race, faith, and suffering such as their fellow-citizens do not possess, is the problem of the new Poland. I cannot make myself believe that that problem will soon be solved.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

II. The New Year Outlook in England

London, January 3

IN spite of New Year's Eve revelries at the London hotels, 1920 has opened upon a sadly disillusioned people. Not only are the hopes of a year ago unfulfilled, but day by day the prospect of their ultimate fulfilment becomes less and less credible. Those who think internationally are depressed by the discovery that scarcely anyone seems to have learnt the lessons of the war. The League of Nations, for which the people have travailed in such anguish, is an abortion. The last state of suffering Europe is worse than the first. On the other side, the bitter-enders are disappointed of their coveted revenge. The Kaiser still remains, unhanged, at Amerongen, and his implacable enemies have to comfort themselves with official declarations, repeated every few weeks, that some day something or other is really going to happen to him. As to the indemnity, it is becoming generally recognized that the date of its payment will be the Greek Kalends. The country at large is beginning to wake up from the bemused state in which it received the news of the signing of the armistice. It is growing seriously concerned at the way things are drifting in Central Europe, in Russia, in India, in Egypt, in Ireland. The militarists are doing their best to galvanize the spent passions of war-time into new life, now by scares of the secret raising of a big German army and now by the exploitation of lying reports of Bolshevik atrocities. Everything in domestic affairs is in a condition of unstable equilibrium. Business on any large scale is more and more taking on the nature of a gamble. While orders are pouring in on the manufacturers as never before, only a small proportion of them can be executed, owing to lack of materials or labor or transport. Most people are by this time sick of the very word "reconstruction." The promised land "fit for heroes to live in" is disappearing from the imagination, and its place is being taken by the reality of a land in which only heroes will be able to exist.

There is nothing to be hoped from either Government or Parliament. The Administration has no policy, but occupies itself in improvising a series of expedients for quieting the trouble that breaks out at short intervals first in this quarter and then in that. The House of Commons, though increasingly restive under the Coalition yoke, is bankrupt in intelligence and character, and its occasional attempts at revolt can be stilled in half an hour by a glib and plausible tongue. It is amply justifying the account given of it to J. Maynard Keynes by the observer who described it as consisting of "a lot of hard-faced men, who look as if they had done very well out of the war." It has little more than a selfish and barbaric sentimentalism to contribute to the solution of the problems, whether international or domestic, that have been raised by the war.

Its reckless and reactionary temper came out very strongly in the discussion of the Aliens Restriction bill, whose enactment was one of the principal achievements of the session. A conclave of the lamas of Tibet could hardly have shown a greater determination to keep their country untouched by foreign influences. The character of the bill was correctly depicted by Captain Wedgwood Benn's amendment, protesting against it as a measure "which, by its own provisions and the reprisals they may excite, checks the growth of our overseas trade; which clogs that free intercourse with foreign nations by which in art, science, literature, and religion this country has greatly gained; which impairs the British tradition of right of asylum; and which forms an obstacle to international goodwill and a hindrance to the work of a League of Nations." Some of the proposals seriously put forward by the exponents of anti-foreign prejudice were so ridiculous that they collapsed through their own absurdity. It was seriously suggested, for instance, that no alien should be allowed to change his name unless the new name he adopted was a precise translation of the old one. There was one clause, actually adopted in committee, but rejected later, which would have limited the proportion of alien labor to be employed in any one establishment, so that a housewife would have had to balance her French cook or lady's maid by a sufficient proportion of English parlor-

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maids and housemaids; and a school principal, in engaging French or German teachers, would have had to regulate the numbers of the rest of his staff accordingly. Even with these extravagances kept out of it, the bill, as now passed into law, is one which, as Lord Buckmaster said, will do eternal shame and dishonor to British legislation. Some of the worst features of the measure, as it left the House of Commons, were modified by amendment in the Lords, but even in the Upper House there were ebullitions of hate that will make the future reader of Hansard gasp. No less a person than the Lord Chancellor declared point blank that he could not feel the slightest goodwill toward the German nation; and, forgetful of Burke's famous dictum, he described the Germans as a whole as beasts and liars. In dealing with Germany, he said, England was dealing with men who had no claim upon our honor and to whom we were under no obligations at all. It is because of this attitude toward the former enemy alien that there are today in Vienna many Englishwomen, unable to speak any language but their native tongue, who are dying of starvation and watching their children perish before their eyes. They are the wives of Austrian husbands who were deported after the armistice and whom they had practically no option but to accompany.

Yet there are a few bright gleams shining through the cloud. The attention that has been paid by the press to J. Maynard Keynes's book* is one encouraging sign. It is published as yet at too high a price to obtain a wide circulation, but considerable extracts have been published in the daily and weekly papers and have made an impression. Another indication of a welcome improvement in the public mind is the fact that it is possible today to assist in the relief of the starving children of Central Europe without writing oneself down as unpatriotic. Only a few months ago the promoters of save-the-children and fight-the-famine funds were denounced as sympathizers with the Hun, but these movements have become quite respectable since they have been endorsed by Field Marshal Haig and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

As to domestic affairs, two recent by-elections at which the Coalition candidates were successful were really more damaging to the Government than some previous Coalition defeats. The results at St. Alban's and Bromley point definitely to a new alignment of forces in politics. At St. Alban's a year ago a Coalition Unionist was returned unopposed. The voting now is: Coalition Unionist, 9,621; Labor, 8,908; and Independent Liberal, 2,474. At Bromley, at the general election 16,840 votes were cast for a Coalition Unionist and only 4,339 for a Liberal. The prospects seemed so hopeless for Liberalism in the face of these figures that at the recent by-election the local Liberal Association refrained from a fight. A Labor candidate stood, however, and received 10,077 votes as against 11,148 for the Coalition Unionist who headed the poll. Both these constituencies have hitherto been regarded as Conservative strongholds, and the small margin by which the Conservative candidates have now been successful is an electoral portent. St. Alban's is largely an agricultural division, and the big Labor vote there means that the farm laborer is at last waking up politically. Bromley, on the other hand, has no considerable working-class population of any kind. It is a residential suburb inhabited mostly by middle-class people of the type to whom anything that savors of socialism has hitherto counted as a mark of ill breeding. At Bromley, therefore, the result is a vindication of the recent policy of widening the basis of the Labor party to include other than manual workers. No doubt, only comparatively few of those who have now voted Labor have definitely joined that party, but the broadening of the basis of the party, by minimizing the class element in it, has helped to secure their support. A similar passing of the middle-class vote from Liberalism to Labor is also reported from the urban section of the St. Alban's electorate. These two elections, taken together, suggest that Labor has now supplanted Liberalism as the main political force in opposition to the Coalition. Hitherto, in three-cornered contests, Liberals have usually condemned Labor men for "butting in" and thus splitting the progressive vote. If what has happened at St. Alban's and Bromley is a fair sample, it is Labor that will henceforth have the right to resent the running of a Liberal candidate as hindering the deliverance of the country from the dominance of the Coalition.

It is not in political matters only that the middle classes are showing themselves touched by the new spirit. Industrially, also, they are taking a leaf out of Labor's book. "Blackcoated strikes" are no longer rare phenomena. The strike of shop assistants at the Army and Navy Stores has been quickly followed by a strike of insurance agents. The Actors' Association has just completed the first year of its existence as a trade union, and has now developed into a powerful body, with a membership of 6,000 as against only a few hundred a year ago. The first steps are being taken toward the formation of a Whitley Council for the teaching profession, and a teachers' strike is threatened under the very shadow of Canterbury Cathedral. There is, moreover, a movement among the students now in the training colleges to refuse to start work while salaries remain at their present low figure.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

*The Economic Consequences of the Peace. Just published in the United States by Harcourt, Brace, and Howe.

Contributors

GRANT SHOWERMAN, professor of Latin literature at the University of Wisconsin, has written much on the relations of classical culture to modern life.

FREDERICK R. BARKLEY, of the staff of the *Detroit News*, was largely responsible for calling public attention to the shocking conditions under which the recent Federal raids in Detroit were conducted.

RICHARD ROBERTS, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, is a keen observer of religious and social movements in Great Britain.

HAROLD J. LASKI, of Harvard University and the New School for Social Research, is one of the important contemporary writers on problems of the state.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD, one of the foremost American bibliographers, is editor of the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

CARL BECKER, a frequent reviewer for *The Nation*, is professor of European history at Cornell University.

H. A. OVERSTREET is professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, who made special studies of the labor and radical movement in Europe before and during the war, is now on the staff of *The Nation*.

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Night

By WITTER BYNNER

CELIA, when you bade me
Good-morning, I would wake
Quick again on your account,
Eager for your sake.

Yet at morning or at noon
In the clearest light,
Is there any voice as near
As your voice at night?

Or has any one alive
Ever come and said
Anything as intimate
As you are saying, dead?

In the Driftway

NEXT to writing this column, the Drifter would like best to be a Marine. For some time he has been studying the recruiting posters with their brilliantly colored scenes showing how the members of this happy service spend their days riding atop huge elephants through the streets of Indian cities, chucking dusky maidens under the chin in strange ports, and wandering under the banyan trees of the South Sea islands. None of the degradation and dreariness of trench and cantonment life, such as Henri Barbusse pictures, for these blithe soldier-sailors! Back again to the heroic warfare of Walter Scott and our boyhood impressions! Most of the posters of the Marines are enticing, but the Drifter likes best the debonair youth in khaki riding bareback a galloping jaguar (or is it tiger?). The young man sits with his back to the beast's head, gazing at the flitting landscape over his steed's swishing tail, as the latter prances off into the Land of Romance. That beats a seat in a Pullman car—especially at present rates. Beside the picture one reads this modest announcement: "Education—I'll say so! Action—you said it! Travel—sure! Adventure—Oh, man!" All of which is enticing, though if the Drifter had been writing it, he would have made that last phrase "Oh, boy!" It is principally to the "Oh, boy" spirit in the world—is it not?—that the Marines must look for the bulk of their recruits. But this is a detail. All in all, the publicity director of the Marines is an artist. He is a press agent provocateur.

* * * * *

WHAT is sabotage, anyhow? There are so many kinds and degrees that generalization is difficult and dangerous. Sometimes it is plainly unlawful destruction, and punishable as such; sometimes it is so subtle as to be nothing more than poor morale, and not punishable at all. A member of the I. W. W., on trial in the State of Washington, said "I consider that sabotage is slowing down on the job and taking it easy, and I believe in it." And again: "Supposing that I am working in a canning factory where there are good grades and poor grades. I put the good labels on the poor goods. That would be making the boss eat the bad and the worker get the good, and I believe in it." And later: "If I am cooking in a camp I try to see to it that the boys have the best of anything and everything and that it costs the boss as much as I can make it. The more I can make it cost the better. I believe in sabotage that is a cutting down of the bosses' profits, but not in destructive sabotage."

* * * * *

CLEARLY, there is a difference in the three illustrations. "Slowing down on the job" is an old and universal method. It may be just laziness, it may be an attempt not to give more than one thinks one is getting, it may be self-protection in the face of an unreasonable effort to "speed up" an industry; but it would rarely be regarded by the worker himself as a conscious act of sabotage. The second illustration, that of the changed labels, is less a direct injury to the employer than a unique attempt to remedy some of the inequalities in the distribution of wealth. It presents revolutionary possibilities, if widely extended, and might prove a means of reducing the high cost of living, since, once it became known, there would be a scramble for low-priced rather than high-priced articles. If doctors and lawyers and architects adopted the principle, and rendered the lowest bills for the best service, it would open interesting possibilities. The last illustration comes nearest to accepted ideas of sabotage. Doing the cooking so as to make it cost the boss as much as possible injured the employer without any direct advantage to the worker responsible for it, although there was a secondary and altruistic motive—that of seeing "that the boys have the best."

* * * * *

A COLLEGE professor said to the Drifter the other day: "I've found a way of raising teachers' salaries that is surer and more expeditious than seeking larger endowments. I give as much time to my college work as I am paid for, and use the rest to earn extra money outside." This is an unusually frank statement of what many are doing with a less sincere and exact analysis of their motives; it is sabotage among the intellectuals. Generally speaking, sabotage is an economic waste and a moral stultification, but it is probably destined to increase with the growing sense of the injustice of modern industrial conditions. In its wider and more subtle ramifications, sabotage cannot be met with any kind of law, or stopped by any kind of individual punishment. It is a case for therapeutics, not penology. Until industrial physicians are called in to heal the body politic, the courts and the jails will function in vain.

* * * * *

MINIVER CHEEVY, that child of scorn who eyed a khaki suit with loathing

(He missed the mediaeval grace
Of iron clothing),

must have been a lover, if the Drifter may draw conclusions from Miniver's other partialities, of the stove. Not the fireplace of the ancient world, nor yet the register or radiator of this latter day; but the stove of the middle ages of human heating: the base-burner with its nickel rail for cold feet and its isinglass windows; the sheet-iron upright stove, heated red and furious with two newspapers and a broken box; the hard, dry, dingy cast-iron stove of railway stations, target for experts in expectoration, crowned by the iron pail of dusty water tediously evaporating, hated by all who found it cold, hugged by all who found it alive to its responsibilities. Who now is left to sing the glories of that admirable friend of man, travelling or at home? Who now, indeed, but Miniver Cheevy and that friend of all admirable things,

THE DRIFTER?

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Correspondence

On Trial for Truth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has the Rev. Percy Grant of the Church of the Ascension turned Bolshevist? Is that why he is facing trial for his utterances? If he has, it is time for every intelligent citizen to study more closely the merits of the soviet form of government. If he has not, it may be assumed that he has at heart only worthy motives for his denunciation of deportation.

This is the case of an admittedly big man being brought to task for being big. The most severe charge voiced in the press is the attack on his classification of the Buford as a second Mayflower. Hardly enough to quibble about, and yet there are such points of similarity between the two vessels, one already historic and the other destined to become historic, that the comparison brought out by a big man at this time rankles.

According to the statement of Dr. Van De Water, rector of the Church of St. Andrews, Dr. Grant as rector of a parish in Fall River was formerly in close touch with common laboring men, and developed "strong sympathies for all who are oppressed." Perhaps after all strong sympathies for all who are oppressed are to be tabooed in this day and age. Perhaps it is best, if a minister of the Gospel is "a big man" and tells the truth as he sees it, that he should be tried before the Bishop.

It matters little that the one for whom the Church of the Ascension stands commanded differently and did differently. This is another day, another age. But there are traces of similarity between the two ages after all. There was persecution for the teaching of the truth in that age. The man for whom the Church of the Ascension stands understood persecution. He did not flinch from it. Will that man's judgment dominate in the possible action against Dr. Grant?

Chicago, January 20 E. B. FULLERTON

American Justice to Aliens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the afternoon of January 5, last, the premises of the Hungarian daily *Elöre*, at 5 East Third Street, were invaded by agents of the Department of Justice. A warrant for the arrest of the managing editor—not any specified individual, but the person in charge—was produced. Two days before, the directors had appointed me managing editor; consequently I was arrested and taken to the headquarters of the Department of Justice in the Park Row Building. Here I was searched and practically everything I had on my person except money was seized, including my first papers and draft registration card, an empty wallet, and even my eyeglasses. I was then conducted to the Old Slip Police Station and locked in a cell. All inquiries as to the charges against me proved fruitless.

On the next morning I was handcuffed to another "criminal" and via Hanover and Wall Street and Broadway conducted on foot to the Park Row Building. An hour later I was handcuffed again and marched down Broadway to South Ferry. In both instances the procession aroused lively interest in the street crowds, who naturally supposed me to be a bomb-thrower or an assassin caught in the act. I was then transferred to Ellis Island, where I was given food for the first time since my arrest twenty-three hours earlier. From January 6 to January 15 I was kept on Ellis Island without a hearing. I was not allowed to consult my attorney. My telegrams to friends, asking for assistance, were not only censored, but also delayed for two days on the Island before transmission. My wife, when applying for a permit to visit me, was told by an official in charge that "they had made up their minds not to be soft-hearted in cases like this, but that they would be glad to get a new husband for the little lady, if she wanted one."

On January 15, exactly ten days after my arrest, I was released on bail, still without a hearing. All efforts to find out the charges against me remained futile. However, as I had been arrested in the course of the campaign of the Lusk Committee against the Communist and Communist Labor parties I naturally assumed that I was prosecuted as a member of one of these bodies. Whether under the Constitution and laws of the United States and the State of New York one may be prosecuted for belonging to a political party it is not for me to decide. In any case, I do not now and never did belong to either the Communist or the Communist Labor party. In fact, during the past twelve months I have been one of the leaders within the Hungarian Socialist organization in the United States opposing affiliation with either of these parties, and at a recent convention in Detroit I led a fight against such action. Incidentally, I have never, either in writing or in speech, advocated force as a means to attain working-class aspirations, emphasizing education, legitimate political action, and industrial organization as the only effective instruments in the fight of the working-classes for emancipation. In fairness I must add that no charge of advocating violence has been brought against me—nor any other charge whatsoever.

As I am not an "alien Communist" or "alien anarchist," the ground for my prosecution may have been the mere fact that I am an alien. Last September I completed five years' residence in the United States, and having been in possession of first papers for three years I immediately applied for final naturalization papers. My application remains to this date unanswered. If I am not today a citizen it is at any rate through no fault of mine. I submit this bare recital of facts to the judgment of self-respecting Americans with a sense of fair play and a knowledge of the American tradition of liberty.

New York, January 20 EUGENE H. NEUWALD

A Stitch in Time

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While the Victor Berger affair is gaining impetus, a glance at its famous eighteenth-century counterpart should prove of interest and perhaps of some profit. John Wilkes was expelled from the House of Commons in 1763 for having printed a seditious libel against the King. After four years of exile on the Continent he returned to England, in the face of a sentence of outlawry; and between March 28, 1768, and May 8, 1769, during most of which time he was in prison, he was four times elected and expelled from Parliament, and a rival candidate was finally seated in his place by vote of the House. Immediately there was a storm of protest. From June, 1769, through January of the following year the sky rained instructions, petition, and remonstrances, calling for a reversal of the Wilkes decision, a general redress of grievances, and a dissolution of the existing Parliament. Within Parliament itself, men like Chatham and Burke espoused the cause of "Wilkes and Liberty," and contended for the right of electors to return whom they pleased to Parliament, even if their choice happened to be a "libeller of his King and a blasphemer of his God."

The fact that Wilkes, after having served his term in prison, and a term each in the offices of alderman, sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London, was reëlected to Parliament in 1774 and seated without any opposition from the Government, is in itself of minor importance. What gives the Wilkes controversy its momentous place in history is the fact that it first aroused and served as the centre for that great popular movement which triumphed, fifty years later, in the reforms of 1832. Whether the Berger episode is destined to play as great a part in the course of American history, no one can say. But let us hope, at least, that a stitch in time may save us from nine years or so of such cat-and-dog fighting between the Administration and the people as marked the Wilkes affair.

Bryn Mawr, January 12 CATHERINE NEEDHAM

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Literature

Man or the State

Man or the State. Edited by Waldo R. Browne. B. W. Huebsch.

THE State today enjoys its Indian summer of prerogative, and it is well to be reminded that there have been different times. Mr. Waldo Browne has here brought together seven essays by as many distinguished men, the general plea of which is for a renascent individualism. They are of very unequal merit and two, at least, it is difficult to treat with seriousness. Buckle's denial of connection between government and progress is one of those half-truths which show rather the intimacy of inductive method and hypothecated desire than a care for the actual meaning of events. Herbert Spencer's defense of one's right to ignore the state is about as close to the facts as the right to ignore the weather; and, like so much of his political writings, it is interesting rather as an admirable example of his blindness to the life about him than as a serious piece of political reasoning. The other essays are of higher value. Kropotkin's famous discussion of the state is not so much an attack upon the institution as a defense of federation against the centralizing tendency of the time. Emerson's essay on politics is the brilliant talk of a supreme sciolist. Tolstoy's Appeal is the expression of that moral nobility which, by its sheer magnificence, again and again leads one to forget the precise facts in dispute. Oscar Wilde's Soul of Man under Socialism has some brilliant remarks, but it can hardly be said to touch the root of the problem. The real merit of the collection belongs to Thoreau's Duty of Civil Disobedience, which it is a distinct service to have brought forward again. There are few finer defenses of that last inward certainty of the human mind against which all social forces have been historically impotent. The essay takes its place alongside Lamennais' "Paroles d'un Croyant" and Tyrrell's "Letter to Father Martin"; nor would Lamennais or Tyrrell resent its company. It is the best comment on the present régime that the publication today of Thoreau's essay would probably be indictable under the Espionage Act.

In a sense, all these essays cluster about the heart of nineteenth-century liberalism and they play variations upon a single theme. Their theme is the unique splendor of human personality and the evil that is wrought by its oppression. They seek release from the pressure of social institutions by making the individual free of the state. There is, so they urge, a definite chasm between its interests and his own. What it does is a subtraction always from his freedom, and, the greater its power, the more does he become submerged in a uniform mass devoid of all his noble qualities. There is a long history behind this attitude. It goes back, at its root, to the breakdown of the traditional Greek social philosophy and its replacement by Stoic ideals. Stoicism provided the foundation of Christian politics, and had the new religion triumphed in its original form, a renaissance of individualism might have ensued. But the victory went to Roman ideas of organization and, in the result, there was no place for the separatism of individual personality until the Reformation. The main weapon of that great upheaval was the sovereign state; and he who sought toleration against its decrees had necessarily to deny its supremacy. That was the work of a vast social philosophy of which Locke is the chief political, and Adam Smith the main economic, representative. Its purport may be summarized by saying that it attacked state intervention on the ground that all action that is not purely individual action is at bottom social loss. Initiative is the well-spring of human good, and all that detracts from the field it covers is subversive of progress. So was established that police-state of the early nineteenth century which feared even the advent of an educational system lest the virtue of parental responsibility be lost.

It is sometimes forgotten how easily this philosophy was fitted into the background of American institutions. A frontier civilization could appreciate, as no other, the virtues of this vigorous individualism. The American of the first half of the nineteenth century needed little enough from his state. Absence of need was easily translated into the belief that state-enactment was unnecessary. The demands of the positive state, a highly-wrought judicial system, a technical administration, a politician who was expert in something more than manipulation of his electorate—these were without meaning to the Jacksonian democracy. Lawyer, tradesman, soldier, statesman, Andrew Jackson had been accustomed to be all these things without special training and it was easy to argue therefrom that he summarized the character of the race. The frontiersman, indeed, as Professor Turner has shown in his magistral studies, has set the perspective of all subsequent political thought in America. Locke's theory of the state as a limited liability company exactly fitted the categories of which he had experience. And it is only in our own day that skepticism regarding this attitude has begun to penetrate the American mind.

For the needs of social life did not wait upon American thinking. Once the Western lands had ceased to provide an inexhaustible reservoir and the great cities had begun to repeat the problems of Europe, legislation of a kind was urgent that overturned, at a bound, the traditional theory of the American state. The inadequacies of the older institutions were obvious in a score of ways: in Congressional procedure, the absence of a trained civil service, the restraints so doubtfully read into the Fourteenth Amendment, the growing disparity between law and justice. New effort was needed and new channels through which to move. Yet there was no philosophy in America, save that pragmatism which largely stood as the denial of philosophy, to bridge the chasm between the old and new. The positive state with its hydra-headed organs burst upon America overnight; and the absence of any plan to its development led, on every side, to abuse and inhumanity. Machines so vast as ours cannot be run save by men whom long use and reflective tradition have trained to their handling. We need a new liberalism to meet a society that is now, perhaps despite itself, an organized instead of an inchoate and separatist life. We need to know the technique of intellectual coöperation, where, before, the main need was the art whereby to tame a wilderness.

Mr. Browne's anthology reads, in this background, rather as a lament for the great days that are gone than as a recognition of the new era that has arrived. He is right in the sense that we need to renew the significance of human personality; but he is wrong in his assumption that the true method of attaining his ideal is to be found in an antithesis between the state and its individual members. Just here is to be found the main defect of contemporary American liberalism. It is so bound by its own traditions that it will not face the real issues before us. That which bewilders it is the great society; and it fails to see that on our scale of life the problems it must solve are largely those concerned with organization. That cannot be done even by the most brilliant introspection. A Thoreau may withdraw to his woods; but for the majority a communal life is pre-ordained, and the technique we desire must, above all, be valid for them. It is thus upon the organization of will and thought that the new liberalism must concentrate if it is to be significant. We may learn from things that in earlier American history seemed the head and centre of evil. The easy suspicion of the state that permeates, for instance, Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" will not help a Russian Jew trying to thread his way through the myriad complexities of New York life. Freedom for him will not mean that naked intellectual solitude which Emerson commended; and he would learn, if the whirr of the machines about which his life is built should cease for a moment, that much of the enforced discipline that surrounds him is in truth a path to freedom and not its opposite. His Garment Workers' Union may ordain his rate of wages and his hours of labor. It may compel, with the help of the Consumer's League, standards of factory legislation which he finds it hard to understand. The house in which he

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lives, the education of his children, the sanitary methods of his life, all these may be regulated by an external control from which he feels an alien. Yet without them he would be free only as the savage is free—a prey to every hidden terror of an illimitable wilderness.

The real problem of liberalism, in brief, is not to face the state in anger but to capture it. The controls now concentrated in a few hands must be made responsive to the mass of men. That will need an intellectual effort of a kind far different from any in the past. It will need research upon a scale which the natural buoyancy of the American temperament can hardly contemplate without some skepticism. It will require a new training for, and a new confidence in, the service of the expert. It will compel a revaluation of the traditional American form of government. The liberalism that emerges will, it is possible, seem, at one angle, the first cousin to that newer form of socialism which, in England and in France, is replacing the rigid fabric of the old Marxian creed. Yet it will be different from socialism because no single system can hope to fill the outlines of a civilization so vast as America. A foreigner may be permitted the speculation that America, with its myriad ethnic and political experiments, has the hints towards a synthesis more noble than she knows. It is from those hints that the assurance of her future should be gathered. HAROLD J. LASKI

A Great Library

Catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library. Vol. I, Part I. Providence: The John Carter Brown Library.

The John Carter Brown Library, in Providence, Rhode Island, has been known for more than fifty years as one of the really important libraries in the country. Its special collection, confined to books on American history printed before 1800, and its liberal management have given it a high place with students. Out of small beginnings it has come to be a large institution of steady growth on the somewhat restricted lines laid down by its founders. But the ability of any library is measured by what is known of it. The best collection may be of little or no use by reason of indifference on the part of owners or trustees who fail to give it proper publicity. A printed catalogue is the natural advertisement of the riches of a library and is the more necessary in proportion as the library is specialized.

John Carter Brown inherited a certain bent towards collecting; for his father had been interested in the Baptist movement in this country and had gathered items relating to its history and controversies. The son began to collect on lines recognized at the time as entirely proper—almost fashionable. He turned to Aldines and Bibles, buying judiciously and with evident interest, as his bindings show. Time has shown that the vitality of such books is not great. A few Aldines have held their own, even advanced in price; but the great part can be purchased at about the prices prevailing eighty years ago. With Bibles it is different; but the immense collections of them in public institutions have cast in shadow what one individual collector can do, and few now buy beyond a small number of examples noteworthy for some oddity of text or beauty of typography. Brown soon ceased to extend his holdings and confined himself to early voyages and early Americana.

The time of this decision was fortunately chosen. Certain European collections in this field, like that of Henri Ternaux-Compans, came into the market. Brown found a generous rival in James Lenox of New York, and the friendly competition was mainly instrumental in building up the two largest collections of Americana, the Lenox and the John Carter Brown. Harrisse, a happy enthusiast who was not deterred by a capacity for error, issued his still remarkable "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," supplying a collector's handbook of material on America for the first sixty years after discovery. S. L. M. Barlow, a liberal patron of Harrisse, was a collector also, and Obadiah Rich and Henry Stevens in London began to cater to those special collections, turning into them at what now seem absurdly low prices the nuggets which appeared in the London and continental markets. A chapter on collecting might be written from the experiences of this small and congenial circle, but that would in itself be history. Both Lenox and Brown gave their collections to the public, endowed in such manner as to increase these permanent monuments to their intelligent tastes and public spirit.

Of the Lenox collection no catalogue has been printed. Brown in 1875 issued in an edition of one hundred copies the first of four volumes of a catalogue intended to give the principal titles of Americana in his library. His widow and son added largely to the number of books, but it has remained for the existing Committee of Management to undertake a full catalogue. The first part, including the titles to the year 1569, for the arrangement is chronological, has just appeared. In beauty of type and page it is more notable than the catalogue of 1875. It does not affect elaborate annotation of titles, with reproductions of titles and colophons in facsimile. An essay could have been written on almost every item, but the increasing number of special bibliographies has made this unnecessary. This is a working catalogue, and judiciously used it must serve as the best handbook of Americana, superseding to a large extent all previous general catalogues on the subject, except the still unfinished "Dictionary" of Sabin. The new catalogue becomes a necessary tool in every library of importance. It is intended to complete the catalogue in ten parts.

A veritable romance in books could be written on this first part. The editions of geographers like Ptolemy and Pomponius Mela printed in the fifteenth century naturally contained no maps of any part of America, though the belief in lands to the west of Europe was entertained, and, as is now held, America had been reached by navigators before Columbus. In 1493 the letter of Columbus announcing his discovery of islands appeared in Spain and in a Latin translation was widely printed on the continent of Europe. Five editions are in the John Carter Brown collection. So startling an announcement soon found a place in such works as the Nuremberg Chronicle (1508), Verardus (1494), Brant's "Stultifera navis" or "Ship of Fools" (1494), and in Reich's "Margarita Philosophica," the leading schoolbook of the day. Then followed Vespuccius (1504), whose letters had an even wider circulation than the letters of Columbus. Geographers and writers on the sphere took notice of these discoveries and Waldseemüller in 1507 cut off a portion of the boundless western ocean to give it to the coastline of America, as yet undefined and without detail. With great rapidity these details were supplied, and not only was the veil lifted from the coastline but the interior began to take form haltingly and on report rather than by actual experience. Brief accounts of the natives and their customs, of the soil and its products, and, above all, of the occurrence of gold and silver expanded into sections and chapters. Cortes raised the hopes of gain to the highest pitch by his letters from Mexico printed in 1522-24, and an attempt was made in 1530 by Peter Martyr to relate the history of discovery. Since the time of Prester John no such extraordinary widening of man's horizon had occurred as in the rounding of Africa and the discovery of the western hemisphere. Works on geography and such books as described even most imperfectly what had been accomplished in the new lands were issued in numbers, year after year: such as Apian, Glareanus, Sacro Bosco, Gemma, and Varthema. Xeres in 1534 gave a "true relation" of the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, and in 1535 a more ambitious writer, Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdés, published a general history of the Indies. Spain almost monopolized the field, but Cartier printed in 1545, and before the half century had ended the printing press in Mexico was turning out religious manuals. In all this field the John Carter Brown is exceedingly rich, and the catalogue well expresses its wealth of material.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

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Tirpitz Explains

My Memoirs. By Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE purpose which inspired the "Memoirs" of Tirpitz he has himself stated in the preface. "It seemed to me my duty to write down my reminiscences, because I can show proofs that the old structure of our State was not antiquated and rotten, but was capable of any development, and moreover that the political legend of a ruthless autocracy and a bellicose military caste having let loose this war is an insult to truth. . . . If history is just . . . it should show that by far the greater responsibility for this war rests with our enemies." The book is thus an apology for Germany as against the Entente, particularly Great Britain. But it is also an apology for Tirpitz and the naval policy as against those who would maintain that the naval policy, by antagonizing Great Britain, helped to produce the war. The first volume deals with the period preceding the war; the second with the war itself.

Relatively speaking, the amount of concrete information contained in these memoirs is not great; and apart from strictly biographical details and material to be found in documents and letters, there are few statements of fact which the historian will not feel the need of confirming by other sources. The chief value of the work is in revealing the curious mental processes of Tirpitz and in throwing light on that "specifically German way of thinking" with which we are familiar. One may open either volume almost at random and find instances of this "specifically German way of thinking," such, for example, as the following: "In my opinion this objective ought to have been to bring together all free peoples away from the guardianship of the Anglo-Saxons. Big words only did us harm, but a definite propaganda in this direction would have helped us. Then the other nations of Europe would have been wise enough to look favorably upon our strength. The building of the fleet had obviously done the nation good."

That the building of the fleet had done the nation good is of course the main premise in the mind of Tirpitz. But as the war was lost in spite of the fleet, it is necessary to provide a scapegoat. The scapegoat is found in the government, particularly in Bethmann-Hollweg, for whose abilities Tirpitz expresses much contempt. The great mistake of the government was that it did not prevent the war; Germany had no interest in the Balkan policy of Austria, proof of which, if any were needed, is that Great Britain encouraged Germany in this "back-stairs" expansion. What Germany needed was to be strong enough on the "front-stairs" of the Atlantic to be able to defy Great Britain; hence Germany needed a longer period of peace, because the "construction of the fleet needed peace if it was to succeed." A wise policy, therefore, would have been to use every effort to settle the Serbian quarrel by means of arbitration. The proposal of Sir Edward Grey, although not sincere, and precisely for that reason, "ought not to have been refused, because it offered the sole possibility of averting the world war." But Bethmann thought that Austria's aims could be attained and a world war prevented by "localizing the conflict."

Is Germany then responsible for the war? Yes, in the sense that she made a fatal mistake, but not in the sense that she willed the war. Bethmann's fatal mistake was in relying upon "the fundamentally false hope of a real will-to-peace on the part of the Entente and England particularly." England's great aim was clearly to crush Germany. Grey's policy was therefore to allow Germany "to run her head into a noose"; which he very skilfully did by leaving Bethmann uncertain whether England would enter the war even if it became a world war. "Grey would have been able to preserve peace if he had made clear in time to Bethmann England's attitude in the event of the Austro-Serbian conflict extending to the rest of Europe." In other words, Bethmann would have prevented the war if he had supposed that Germany would have to fight Great Britain. England, therefore, in neglecting to enlighten him on this point "brought upon herself a large share of the responsibility for the outbreak of the war."

This argument we have seen before; but it has not before been made clear how Bethmann would have been able to preserve peace by accepting Grey's proposal of mediation if that proposal was insincere, as it must have been if England was bent on crushing Germany. Tirpitz clears up this difficulty. You must understand that although England was bent on crushing Germany, "Germany and England had come closer together in 1914" than they had formerly been. But how does this coming together square with England's "will to war"? Very easily. England's friendship for Germany was inspired by fear (is there any other kind of friendship in politics?) of Germany's fleet. But if England feared the fleet, why the will to war? Because, obviously, the fleet was every year becoming stronger, and if England could not crush Germany in 1914 she never could. And so on, *ad infinitum.*

The book is filled with that clumsy, wooden type of thinking which reduces politics to a matter of the interaction of force and fear—that type of thinking which made Germany's *Realpolitik* so fearfully unreal. Naturally Tirpitz sees no hope for Germany except by returning to the old régime. "The revolution, throwing overboard everything that had made us great, was the greatest crime ever committed against our people." Germany "will at least attain a new life with honour when she shakes off this depravity and lack of discipline which are now holding her." "We must return to the fundamental principle of our old State," etc. One could hardly expect a man like Tirpitz to change the mental habits of a lifetime. The unfortunate thing is that the war has apparently given new life to his conception of politics among the very people who fought to destroy it.

CARL BECKER

Adam and Eve

The Craft of the Tortoise. A Play in Four Acts. By Algernon Tassin. Boni and Liveright.

THE source of this play in Mr. Tassin's mind was some moment of extreme irritation over the modern American woman. But to jump to the conclusion, as many would at once, that he is an anti-feminist, would be quite erroneous. His case against woman is that she herself is not feminist enough. His accusation is, in plain language, that she wants to eat her cake and have it too. She insists on her right of economic competition and on chivalry as well; she wants both freedom and protection, authority but no responsibility, the vote and the home. She uses her new public influence to strengthen the intimate power of sex and so, equipped with both man's weapons and her own, has him at a grave and growing disadvantage. If he rebels she flings at him the accusation of a lack of chivalry which he, a sentimentalist and idealist of many centuries' standing, cannot endure. He sits in the subway aching from a day's work and yet quivering inwardly under the pert eye of some feminine competitor in the field of labor who is hanging by a strap. Although she may make a bid for his job tomorrow he wants to protect her today. He gets up, and in a state of exasperated weariness reaches the home which he alone supports on the theory of the old patriarchal marriage, but in which he is summoned to share the woman's duties on the theory of the new equality. His wife attends teas, but regards any foregathering of him and his fellows with a sinister eye. Hence with her old confederate, the priest, she has striven for prohibition and is about to settle down in peace. Man, the hare of the old fable, sits shivering and disconsolate when he is not running errands for woman, the tortoise, who has won the race and pokes a contemptuously wheedling or coldly commanding head from the security and armor of her shell.

But Mr. Tassin did not stop with his irritation over this state

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of affairs. He set himself to study and to think. He became absorbed in the history of civilization and of its institutions. He found that since woman was originally the slave of man, she was forced to resort to guile; that the use of guile and cunning tends to blunt the sense of equity and justice; and that therefore the historic process explains even if it does not justify the situation in which we find ourselves. The trouble with all such deductions in regard to the history of institutions and the psychology of those who built them and lived in them is that the material is really both scant and complicated and that its interpretation is a matter of the last difficulty. Mr. Tassin has undoubtedly projected back into his evidence the theory that originally flashed into his mind. Since he is an artist and not a scientist such was his clear right. But his thinking is sounder than his history. And the refreshing fact about him is that he has not stopped thinking at any given point at which most people would have considered further reflection vaguely ignoble if not downright indecent. "A priest," he makes his primitive chieftain say, "should have more sense of fitness than anybody else. That is what he is for. To discover every day more and more things that are unfit." And his mediæval abbess remarks: "A man may behave as he pleases to his wife and neither State nor Church can prevent. But he may not behave as he pleases to his mistress, or she will choose another lover." Neither the chieftain nor the abbess would have said any such thing. Had they had such clarity of perception the course of history would have been utterly different. But both remarks have the immediate tang of truth, and ascribing them to the dim-minded, half-conscious human forces that made them true gives the book an exhilarating quality of intellectual humor.

In that quality lies, indeed, the chief virtue of Mr. Tassin's play. It will be said at once, of course, that such is also the method and the virtue of the historical comedies of Bernard Shaw. That is true. And it is also true that Mr. Tassin's dialogue has a precision of outline and a cold swiftness of movement that are likewise noticeably Shavian. Yet there should be, in all fairness, little question of imitation. Mr. Tassin has done his own building and his own thinking and has written an intellectual comedy which is a product of the same forces that struck the sparks from the famous Irishman's mind and a protest against the same unbearably muddled world. And it would, indeed, be praise enough to say that, granting all reminiscences, "The Craft of the Tortoise" is, omitting the works of Shaw, the keenest contemporary comedy of its kind in English.

Mr. Tassin seeks to illustrate his theme through an embodiment at each of four moments of history: the stone age, the pastoral period in the near East, the Middle Age in France, the America of today. In each of these embodiments or acts he presents a group of highly concrete characters from which there detaches itself a couple representing the typical man and the typical woman on their historic journey. This couple reappears in each act and gives the play its coherence and its unity of effect. Both the man and the woman are excellently done, although it was, of course, inherent in Mr. Tassin's original impulse to make the woman too clever and the man too stupid. This is especially true in the earlier acts. But the pattern of the play required it, since each act had to end with the woman having won another stretch in the unequal race. It is probably true, as a matter of fact, that the progress for centuries was extremely slow. In all human affairs the developmental process has been accelerated to a racing speed in the last century and a half. All such criticisms however, though valid enough, do not really minimize the high merit of Mr. Tassin's performance. The play has wit, it has wisdom, it has keen characterization of the purely intellectual sort, and it has dramatic energy. What hope is there of seeing it on the stage? Probably very little. Yet the theatrical organizations that produce "The Power of Darkness" and "Mary Broome" may find it at least no less unprofitable to turn nearer home some day, to "The Hand of the Potter" and "The Craft of the Tortoise." L. L.

Woman as Pioneer

A Woman's Story of Pioneer Illinois. By Christiana Holmes Tillson. Chicago: The Lakeside Press.

EMERSON HOUGH points out that the "chief figure of the American West, the figure of the age, is not the long-haired, fringed-legginged man riding a raw-boned pony, but the gaunt and sad-faced woman sitting on the front seat of the wagon, following her lord where he might lead, her face hidden in the same ragged sunbonnet which had crossed the Appalachians and the Missouri long before." John Tillson, husband of the authoress of this fascinating book, had gone West in 1819 and had established himself as land agent and county postmaster at Hillsboro, Illinois; so when, in 1822, his Massachusetts bride went back with him she found her lot much more favored than that of the average pioneer woman whom fate made the heroine of the frontier. Mrs. Tillson rode not in a rough wagon but in a carriage built under her husband's directions expressly for the journey. In place of the sunbonnet she took with her a "nice leghorn" bonnet trimmed with ostrich feathers for the winter and flowers to be substituted in summer. The trip, by carriage and boat, took seven weeks. As taverns were, of course, infrequent the travellers often had to rely upon the hospitality to be had in isolated cabins. One night, between Wheeling and Cincinnati, was spent with "a Yankee man that had settled in, and had made a clearing, and sometimes kept public"—a person who proved to be the father of Nat Willis and the grandfather of the literary exquisite, Nathaniel Parker of that ilk. In Indiana, as the rivers were swollen and unfordable, the party went by steamboat to Shawneetown, and on the trip became acquainted with a "Mr. Dent," subsequently General Grant's father-in-law. Shawneetown, at that time one of the two principal towns of Illinois, consisted of a brick hotel, about twenty log cabins, and a few square box-like structures which served as stores or offices for doctors and lawyers. Before leaving, the Tillsons acquired a "way-bill" of the country through which they were to pass on their journey to Hillsboro.

The trip was for Mrs. Tillson an unhappy succession of bad corduroy roads, mud, frights from panthers, drunken landlords, and rough fighters. The breakfasts usually offered them consisted of "common doings," cornbread and bacon, with an apology for the lack of "wheat bread and chicken fixings." Their supper beverage was neither coffee nor "store tea" but "mountain tea" made from some herb that grew in the region. The institution of the "one-legged bedstead" became a familiar one. They crossed the Kaskaskia River by means of a rope ferry, and in Carlyle, the first stop after crossing, they found a good Yankee dinner, which to Mrs. Tillson's mind meant clean table equipment and pie. Their own log cabin, unprovisioned and unfurnished, was not an encouraging sight. It was almost dark when they reached the place, and before supper could be prepared candles had to be molded out of deer-fat as there was no other light. The meal, prepared over an open fire, sounds attractive enough: coffee (brought from Massachusetts), cream, bread from St. Louis, fried pork, roasted potatoes, and butter made from "strippings" milked into a bottle and "shuck."

The country thereabouts was largely settled by poor whites from Virginia and Kentucky, known as "white folks" to distinguish them from the Yankees, of whom they were very suspicious, especially of such of them as could read. Said one of the "white folks": "twant so bad for men to read, for there was a heap of time when they couldn't work out, and could jest set by the fire; and if a man had books and keered to read he mought; but women had no business to hurtle away their time, case they could allus find something to du, and there had been a heap of trouble in old Kaintuck with some rich men's gals that had learned to write." Mrs. Tillson gives us vivid pictures of Sunday "ranters," circuit-riders, Cumberlands, Hard shells or Seventh-day Baptists, who performed from ten in the morning

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till five in the afternoon on occasional Sundays. Sunday visiting was a great trial. A whole strange family who "reckoned they ought to get acquainted" would descend upon the peaceful cabin with no other warning than a tremendous knock at the door and sonorous demands of "who keeps the house?" The party of course would spend the day. Also, transients felt privileged to claim hospitality in that unsettled country. Ministers stopped frequently, and any visit from a neighbor was for the day or night and meant one or more meals. All the frontier occupations of women, quilting, washing in water so hard that it had to be "broken," preserving beef and pork for family consumption, making candles, both moulded and dipped, bearing children without medical assistance, nursing the sick, making the family clothes—such things Mrs. Tillson did with no help but that of a little Dutch girl who when questioned about her age replied: "I'se older nor I'se good." In addition Mrs. Tillson helped her husband with his correspondence two nights a week and sometimes with the mail itself.

The Tillsons were thought of by the "white folks" as "power down well fixed," but after fifty years of reflection, which left Mrs. Tillson still enough spirit to describe her earliest days "at the West" with remarkable vividness and circumstantiality, she found herself under no delusions whatsoever regarding "the good old times." Who will furnish us a history of the American frontier from the woman's point of view? For that matter, who will furnish the history of anything from that point of view?

I. B.

Vested Interests

The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts. By Thorstein Veblen. B. W. Huebsch.

WE have yet to learn—and to learn it hard—that good men may do evil. Ethical individualists have a way of being impatient with schemes for social reorganization. "Get good men," they cry, "and you get a good society." The ethical socialist answers: "No! Get a whole society of good men who are socially visionless, and you get a ruinous society." But the ethical socialist, despite himself, often joins hands with the ethical individualist by unconsciously adopting the converse of his proposition. He is angry at certain men. He draws cartoons of bloated, self-satisfied exploiters. He calls heaven to witness the heartless selfishness of the rich, their deliberate willingness to live in parasitic ease upon the labor of slaves. "These are evil men," he cries. And the ethical individualist comes back at him in triumph. "I told you so," he says; "make men good."

It is much harder, it takes maturer thinking, to see the social conflict as a conflict of philosophies. Much harder, because we are compelled, then, to discard the satisfying belief in the evil of our opponents and to acknowledge them to be men and women merely misled by false ideas. We may even have to acknowledge them to be as sincere and high-minded as ourselves. And yet we shall all, in one way or another, eventually have to come to this maturer way of thinking, for the other way is really intolerable. Life is not fundamentally, as the Manichees would have it, a struggle between the good and the bad. It is rather, as Socrates would have it, a struggle between the more and the less intelligent.

There is bitterness and there is withering sarcasm in Mr. Veblen's book; but its upshot is about this. The eighteenth century, he points out, shaped for itself a philosophy of economic, political, and social life, embodied in law and custom, which was excellent for its time. It was a high-minded, forward-looking philosophy. It wrought confidently for human betterment. It was radical for its day, so radical, indeed, that in the American Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man it marked an abrupt departure from the older conceptions and habits of social life. But the world moved ahead so rapidly during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that the eighteenth century philosophy was left behind in many respects in a condition of unadaptable antiquity as great almost as that of the laws of Solon. The tragedy of our day is the failure of the greater number of people, particularly those in economic, political, and educational authority, to realize this.

In the eighteenth century, as Mr. Veblen shows, the individual was the unit of society. In the twentieth century, the technological "plant" is the unit. Where the individual was the unit, the principles of self-help, of free contract, and of free competition made for healthy initiative and sturdy accomplishment. Where the complex technological equipment that we call a "plant" is the unit, self-help, free contract, and free competition become not only inoperative in practice but positively pernicious in effect. The plant is the focus of a whole range of social heritages—science, technology, skill, education, social discipline. Where it is treated as a private possession, the social heritages, inexhaustible in their richness, become the "legitimate" prey of individuals. Practices gradually develop, all legal and respectable, which, in effect, deny the social character of the plant and turn its marvellous productivity into means of individual gratification and misdirection.

The most pernicious result has been the gradual subordination of the productive to the profit-making motive, with its evil climax in the vested interest. Profit being the end, all roads that lead to profit, though they may in themselves be non-productive or even anti-productive, are eagerly traversed. The vested interest is the remarkable social invention, legitimatized in law and custom, whereby factors and processes really non-productive are enabled to exact their toll of productive society.

The result is pernicious, of course, because a society healthy both morally and technologically must root in the instinct of workmanship. To get as much and to give as little as possible may be good business; but it is poor morals and poor social economy. The instinct of the artist is to create; of the scientist to discover; of the craftsman to shape materials to a purpose. These are fruitful ways of human life. The instinct of the modern business man is none of these—except as he is more than a business man. If he creates, he does so only incidentally; if he discovers, if he shapes materials, it is only by the way.

And the tragedy of it all is that this unfortunate attitude has grown out of a perfectly reputable, but belated, philosophy of life, a philosophy that the good people of the present still reverence as they reverence those who gave them life. The degradation of the best is the worst. If our present social difficulties were, indeed, the result of evil character, we might rise up manfully and cast these evil ones from us. We cannot rise up and cast out our fine-minded though philosophically belated neighbors. The only hope is that the circumstances of the last few years will have shown so vividly the inadequacy of our social laws and mechanisms that increasing numbers of men and women will be led at last to see that the fundamental failure of our times lies precisely in the attempt to carry into new conditions of life a social philosophy not only not intended for these conditions but almost completely inadequate to meet their needs. Above all, Mr. Veblen thinks, the hope lies in the fact that the practical logic of machine industry and the mechanical organization of life increasingly train the common man "to a matter-of-fact outlook and to a rating of men and things in terms of tangible performance and to an ever slighter respect for the traditional principles that have come down to us," so that, as he concludes, "the common man is constantly and increasingly exposed to the risk of becoming an undesirable citizen in the eyes of the votaries of law and order." Yet what is in sight is not a constructive program. "It is something of the simpler and cruder sort such as history is full of, to the effect that whenever and so far as time-worn rules no longer fit the new material circumstances, they presently fail to carry conviction as they once did." The Zeitgeist, in short, is the real revolutionist.

H. A. OVERSTREET

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Books in Brief

ENGLAND won the war. This is the thesis of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fields of Victory" (Scribners), a thesis proved by generous quotation from the best authorities—officers of the British Higher Command and Sir Douglas Haig himself. With her earlier books, "England's Effort" and "Towards the Goal," Mrs. Ward has now completed a trilogy that carries the story of England's part in the struggle up to the "stern Epilogue" of a dictated peace. In a rapid three weeks' tour, two months after the armistice, she surveyed the desolate fields of victory in France. Vivid glimpses of ruins, lonely cemeteries, grim battlefields, for these we are more grateful than for painstaking summaries of the 1918 campaigns. Interesting, too, are records of pleasant hours with generals and statesmen: a dinner with General Gouraud in Strasbourg; a talk with General Pershing in a friendly drawing-room; tea with the President and Mrs. Wilson, when the President, "radiant" from a recent victory in the Conference, conversed with the accomplished fluency of a George Eliot. Rather ungrateful of Mrs. Ward, after the pleasure of that meeting, to ask later what is the special charm of the distinguished soldier as compared with other distinguished men, and to answer—simplicity and truth. But it is her enthusiasm for the military triumph that carries her away; that adorns her style with many a "magnificent," "splendid," "brilliant," "masterly"; that leads her to ponder the "general stimulus given to human faculty by war"; to refer affectionately to "that agile fellow," the tank; and to speculate about the strategy of the next war. England may or may not have won the war; but the war has certainly won Mrs. Ward. Her "if" as to the next war, her hope of a better world, are perfunctory and parenthetical. And she repels the suggestion that England's interest in the League of Nations is prompted by any sense of diminished prestige. "The mighty elder power is eager to see America realize her own world position, and come forward to take her share in a world-ordering which has lain too heavy until now on England's sole shoulders. She is glad and thankful—the 'weary Titan'—to hand over some of her responsibilities to America, and to share many of the rest. She wants nothing for herself—the Great Mother of Nations—why should she?"

DOES the number of modern versions of the Song of Roland indicate how large a part it played in building the character and inspiring the soul of the *poilu?* No less than a dozen different translations into modern French have been published since 1870—a fact which proves sufficiently the place given to the French epic in the training of the schoolboys of France. And now comes still another, by Henri Chamard (Paris: Armand Colin). The text employed is that of the Oxford manuscript, recognized as best by Professor Bédier and adopted for his own recent translation; and the verse follows, line by line, the decasyllabic *laisses* of the original, substituting for the assonance, monorhymes or—more usually—free rhymes, such as are allowed by the poetic license of modern French versification. To preserve some the archaic color of the Old French, Professor Chamard has kept many of the obsolete technical terms, especially in matters of dress and armor, and he has allowed himself, now and again, the liberties of syntax and style which appear in the original. Most of these archaisms are intelligible enough; but all, however, as well as the quaint old forms of the proper names, are made clear by the Lexique-Index, while notes at the foot of the page explain historical and geographical allusions quite fully for even the unlettered reader. For these notes, as for many felicities in his new version, the translator has drawn freely upon his predecessors, as he acknowledges; and the result is, considering his fidelity to the letter and form of the original, a poem which captures not a little of the force and vigor which in the Old French spurred on the Norman troops at the Battle of Hastings.

AS one reads Mr. H. J. Massingham's introduction to his "Treasury of Seventeenth Century English Verse from the Death of Shakespeare to the Restoration" (Macmillan), one wonders whether the three hundred pages that follow will prove a golden treasury indeed or only a chest of old brass. For Mr. Massingham, in his anxiety to depart from his predecessors, Palgrave, Locker-Lampson, Bullen, Saintsbury, Schelling, and Quiller-Couch, has omitted as too familiar all of Herrick and Milton, and the best known pieces of Vaughan, Cowley, Crashaw, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Waller, Herbert, Marvell, and Donne, and has stocked his shop with curios from Robert Chamberlain, Anne Collins, Samuel Crossman, Robert Davenport, John Digby, Edmund Ellis, Mildmay Fane, Thomas Fettiplace, Jasper Fisher, Robert Fletcher, Thomas Forde, Robert Gomersal, Samuel Harding, Peter Hausted, Nathaniel Hookes, Thomas James, Patericke Jenkyn, James Mabbe, Thomas Pestel, Thomas Philipott, Edmund Prestwich, Joseph Rutter, William Sampson, Thomas Shepherd, Samuel Sheppard, Thomas Washbourne, and Simon Wastell. What is the result? A fresh, provocative, beautiful little book. Even when one doubts the wisdom that has selected, and this is by no means seldom, one is impressed or amused by the eagerness that has searched. Palgrave's volume was not a bit better gauged for Palgrave's time than Mr. Massingham's is for ours. The purest twentieth-century principles are in operation here. Particularity and immediacy have been the watchwords. Ratiocination and generalization have been shunned like ratsbane and gentian. We are washed hyperpure in the blood of the Georgian lamb. Modern instances are gathered, not from Keats and Tennyson, but from Hodgson and Davies. Pretty, blithe passages are quite shut out from this fierce furnace that half-bakes nature. Notes of decay and death are long lingered over, uncertainty of technique is particularly prized, spiritual complexes are the order of the hour and the minute. Mr. Massingham's notes are lively to the end, though often they are cleverly irrelevant and gloriously slap-dash. It is as if Mr. Saintsbury were twenty again.

ACCORDING to the eminent expert, Mr. L. R. Farnell, author of "The Value and Methods of Mythologic Study," reprinted from the Proceedings of the British Academy (Oxford University Press), "from the time of the ancients down to the present the interpretation of myths has been the chief sporting-ground of human unwisdom." Whether or not this sweeping assertion can be literally proved, it is approximately justified by the vast expenditure of perverse ingenuity on an apparently easy but in reality singularly difficult subject. One common fallacy is to assume that similar myths in different nations are derived from the same source, as when Philo and Gladstone referred the Hebrew and Greek stories to one primitive revelation. Another obsession of the mythologist has been the assumption that no story can possibly have been founded on fact, but that each must be a parable of nature. To trace all romances of unhappy lovers to "the primitive feeling about the marriage of the Sun and his sister the Moon," to make Penelope a water-fowl visited at long intervals by her truant husband; to derive the whole tragedy of Procne, Philomela, and Tereus from the habits of swallows and nightingales, is only to add confusion to difficulty and delirium to confusion. The Trojan war was all a myth of the battle of day and night until Schliemann went to the site of the town and dug it up; such needed "spade-work" (in the literal sense) by Sir Arthur Evans has restored reality to the shade of King Minos. Perhaps an even worse error than that of deriving myths from the work of early nature-fakirs, is that which assumes that each legend is a survival from a primitive and outgrown civilization; as, for example, that the tragedy of Œdipus proves that it was once the custom for men to kill their fathers and marry their mothers. Mr. Farnell's sanity is shown by the fact that he can offer no single key to unlock all doors; many stories he believes to be founded on fact, many others to be sheer "poetry," but a vast mass, he thinks, will remain scientifically inexplicable.

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MR. ENOS A. MILLS begins his book "The Grizzly" (Houghton Mifflin) "It would make exciting reading if a forty-year-old grizzly bear were to write his autobiography." As we lack such a work, Mr. Mills has judiciously assembled our knowledge of that splendid animal, from the first mention by Edward Umfreville in 1790 to the present day. The volume is carefully written, without attempted fine writing or tedious quotations. Mr. Mills knows his subject, and any future monographer will find it difficult to keep from wholesale plagiarism. The results of Merriam's years of research are here condensed into thirteen pages, and so we have the latest technical scientific results as well as a vivid account of a full-grown grizzly which played for hours with his shadow on the snow. The psychology of the latter incident is quite as worthy of consideration and permanent record as the list of the various sub-species. The chapter on Trailing without a Gun is one of the best wild animal essays we have ever read.

Music

Michel Fokine

TO see Michel Fokine is to see the world's greatest genius of the dance. And although, unlike Maeterlinck, he has inspired no uplift campaigns, yet his contribution to beauty has been equally great and perhaps in the end, more significant. For while the Belgian poet was busy peopling shadowy kingdoms with passionless puppets who moved as though in a dream, and whose speech was even more obscure than their silences, the Russian was creating living marionettes, and giving to their dumb art an eloquence beyond that of words. At a time when choreography had apparently reached its highest expression in the Italian ballet, commonly called "toe-dancing," with its mincing steps, its meaningless pirouettes, and formal figures, Fokine, then head of the Czar's imperial ballet school, was transforming it into a rhythmic, if fleshly, utterance of lyric and dramatic moods. To obtain his results he borrowed from all the arts. He was the first to discard the empty "ballet music" and replace it with works which were more definite in character and which lent themselves more readily to translation. If he could not find a libretto to fit them, he would write one himself. And with the assistance of Leon Bakst, then scenic artist for the Petrograd Opera, he finally created that synthesis of music, color, and rhythmic pantomime known as the Russian Ballet—a form of art in which all the imaginative genius of Russia seemed to become crystallized.

Fokine's creative methods must be quite extraordinary, according to an interview printed recently in the *New York Times*. "I work exactly like a sculptor," he is reported to have said. "I look upon a pupil or a massed ballet as a great piece of rough marble. . . . My will is my mallet; my idea is my chisel. . . . I have studied the human body like a surgeon. I know the value, the possibility, the dynamic or static principle and power of each fibre, muscle, and bone. I compel flesh to flow into the matrix of my dream. I stop at nothing but perfection. And when I have completed my Mordkin or my Pavlova or my ballet, I unveil it to the eyes of the world. . . . I thus multiply myself in my creations. My dances and my dancers are so many Fokines."

And it is by these "many Fokines"—by Nijinsky and Mordkin and Bolm, by Pavlova and Lydia Lopoukova—that Fokine will perhaps be remembered in America; for he demands such a fabulous sum for his own performances that they will doubtless be few in number. From the standpoint of execution, it is difficult for those who have only seen him recently to appraise him accurately. Nijinsky and Mordkin seemed to surpass him in poetic grace and rhythmic nuance; though Mordkin resembled him most, both in style and physique. But both these men were younger when they appeared here than Fokine is today; and there is every possibility that his muscles may have stiffened. Nevertheless, judged solely by his imaginative fire, such as he displayed in Panderos (a Spanish dance) or in the Bacchus, he undoubtedly is supreme in the art of telling a story, of evoking images or projecting moods, through the medium of the human body.

At the same time, one can not ignore Vera Fokina, his wife as well as his pupil, who is sharing his programs here. More expressive in feature than Pavlova, though not so slight in form, she naturally challenged comparison to that artist when she portrayed the Dying Swan. But Vera Fokina has the most beautiful hands imaginable, and her use of them in the bird's death agony, as well as her fluttering entrance in the beginning, gave a poignancy and vividness to her characterization that more than outweighed the exquisite brilliancy of Pavlova's art. The fluttering hands again lent enchantment to the Chant d'Automne, in which they had to suggest the falling of dead leaves, and again they made one realize that poetry is not confined to words alone.

Yet after all, it was in their native folk dances, in characterizing the moods and humors of the Russian peasant, that the two Fokines revealed the greatest art. I Dance With a Mosquito, as done by Mme. Fokine, had all the irony of a Moussorgsky sketch. Lullaby, with Fokine in his blond wig, drowsing on a bench, his head drooping between his knees, while his wife, also in peasant costume, walked up and down trying to rock the baby to sleep in her arms, was as realistic as a chapter by Tolstoi.

H. S.

Drama

A Spanish Peasant Play

OUR best plays continue to come from the Continent. One season they were by Hermann Bahr, another season by Tolstoi and (*longo intervallo*) by Sem Benelli. This year we have seen Gorky, we are seeing Benavente, we shall see Tolstoi again. Ervine's "John Ferguson" was only an apparent exception. For it, too, though in the native tongue, presented life in a remote and unfamiliar guise. It may be that our theatre is still in a purely disciplinary stage of its development and that even our very small audiences of the better kind need a gradual introduction to modern dramaturgy through subject-matter that does not come home too closely to their business and bosoms. For here they can be measurably detached. What is La Malquerida to them or they to her? But if the story of Raimunda, Acacia, and Esteban were told of three people in Spoon River, Illinois, or Winesburg, Ohio, there would be a riot of moral indignation and a local judge might decide—as a judge of actual flesh and blood did in the case of Knoblock's "Tiger, Tiger"—that the representation of the instinct of sex is intolerable on the American stage unless it be shown to be "strictly monogamous and fond of domestic bliss."

Some day we shall have to meet the test of a living theatre. That test is not met by the production of foreign plays, admirable and necessary as such production is. It is met by a dramatic interpretation of all we are and do. Some day from the mountains of North Carolina or Tennessee there may come a playwright with a great tragedy in his pocket. From among the stifled souls of a small and righteous town in the Middle West there may come a roughly typed manuscript of an American "Enemy of the People" or "Moral."

In the meantime we must be grateful for small mercies. But let us not forget that they are small. Russian or Spanish dramas played in English by American actors make their appeal primarily to the sense for art, very little to the sense for life. Great and living drama must appeal to both. Its edge must not be blunted. In its own place and tongue it stirs the soul; it is an organic part of the process of civilization; it springs from life and affects life creatively. When such drama reaches us from afar and in a new medium it has grown blind and almost

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alien to itself. The audience watches it with interest, even with delight, but without that profound inner participation which, in all but a few men, only a native artist can arouse. Hence we must watch for the great test. It may come upon us like a thief in the night.

Jacinto Benavente's "The Passion Flower" (The Greenwich Village Theatre) is the latest importation to our stage. It is a play of Castilian peasant life. It is energetic in workmanship and metallic in tone even where it reaches an unexpected depth of meaning. But the slow and brooding creative development of a theme is not to be expected of a dramatist who, as Mr. John Barrett Underhill informs us, sustains the Spanish tradition of indiscriminate fecundity and is already the author of more than eighty plays. He wrote "The Passion Flower" in three weeks. No wonder that its major theatrical effects are of the ready-made variety, that a man is shot from ambush, and that an innocent person is pursued for the commission of the crime. Thus during two acts we witness, except for faint foreshadowings, a melodrama. The passions which support the action seem merely violent and envisaged as merely evil. Except for the strange sensitiveness of Esteban's pallid features you might think the last word spoken when Raimunda tells him at the end of the second act that if he goes a step toward her daughter she will "put a bullet through his heart."

But the matter is not so simple. There is a third act which vindicates the intellectual power of Benavente and makes the play an invaluable object-lesson for our melodramatists. It would have been easy and acceptable to represent Raimunda's love for her husband as dead and the man's passion for her daughter as merely brutal, to show the girl a blank of innocence, to destroy the wicked man, to leave us with a gentle anticipation of Raimunda in her peaceful and grandmotherly old age. Had the play been written nearer home, that is inevitably what would have happened. But "The Passion Flower" has a third act in which Benavente turns his melodrama into tragedy by transferring the action from rooms and fields into the souls of his people. The girl Acacia's cold insolence toward her stepfather was first an unconscious, later a conscious resistance to her own passion for him. It was also an instinctive lure. The man loved his wife and struggled to quench the flame that no one's will had lit. It had sprung up in that Castilian cottage as it sprung up in the Parisian drawing-room of Maurice Donnay's "L'Autre Danger," because the biological process knows neither morals nor mercy. Hence it appears in the consciousness of its instruments who are also its victims in the form of sin. That eternal conflict is not, as the melodramatist supposes, one between guilt and goodness. The universe itself battles with man in his own heart.

Miss Nance O'Neil returns to the stage after a long absence in the part of Raimunda. Her art is too much like Benavente's to give his play a modulation that would sound friendlier to our ears. She has power but no charm. She has little flexibility of either person or technique. Her voice thrills you, but only in its harsh and commanding comments of high passion. In the level passages it is listless as though merely waiting for an outburst. Mr. Robert Fisher holds us admirably for ten minutes as an old peasant who is broken because he cannot avenge his wrongs and hence finds himself in an emotional and moral chaos. The actor communicates the man's misery and confusion very purely and immediately. Mr. Charles Waldron conceives the part of Esteban correctly. He is excellent in silence. When he moves into the foreground of the action he becomes baldly conventional in speech and gesture. The rest of the cast is hopelessly below the level of the play. Hence the performance is fragmentary and has to be pieced out in the theatre of the mind. The decorations are charming, but better acting would have been more to the purpose. Spanish pottery and textiles can be seen in museums and bought in shops.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Deschanel, Paul. Gambetta. Paris: Hachette.—Johnson, Robert Underwood. Collected Poems, 1881-1919. Yale University Press.—Karsner, David. Debs: His Authorized Life and Letters. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.—McKenzie, F. A. Korea's Fight for Freedom. Revell.—Pieris, P. E. Ceylon and the Hollanders. London: Luzac & Co.—Smith, Justin H. The War with Mexico. 2 vols. Macmillan. $10.—Thomas, Harrison Cook. The Return of the Democratic Party to Power in 1884. Longmans, Green.—Tyrkova-Williams, Ariadna (Mrs. Harold Williams). From Liberty to Brest-Litovsk. Macmillan.

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Braithwaite, William Stanley. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919. Small, Maynard. $2.25.—Braithwaite, William Stanley. The Book of Modern British Verse. Small, Maynard. $2.—Child, Harold. The Yellow Rock. London: Nisbet & Co.—Cone, Helen Gray. The Coat Without a Seam. Dutton. $1.25.—Morgan, Angela. Hail, Man! Lane. $1.25.—Proudfoot, Andrea Hofer. Trolley Lines. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.—Roth, Samuel. Europe: A Book for America. Boni & Liveright. $1.25.—Tassin, Algernon. The Craft of the Tortoise. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.—Wemyss, Ellie. Songs of Cheer. Adelaide, Australia: Hassell & Son.

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Left Face to Moscow

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

THE Independent Social-Democratic party of Germany, meeting at Leipzig on December 5, voted to leave the Second Internationale and to join the Moscow or Third Internationale, and adopted a Program of Action declaring for the Soviet system as the basis for government in Germany. The vote marks the close of an evolution which has been in process since the armistice. It puts an end to all hope of fusion of the two great Socialist parties of Germany, and it is a death-blow to the Second Internationale, and involves a complete shift in the moral leadership of Western socialism.

It was an war-time issues that the German Socialist party first split—on questions of annexations and indemnities, of Alsace-Lorraine, and of the voting of war credits. The armistice seemed to make possible a union of the two chief groups. The Spartacists, led by Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, despised the two old parties equally, and formed a third, the Communist party, openly Bolshevist and frank in its acceptance of riotous tactics. The Independents and the Social Democrats, rejecting mob methods, joined hands in a coalition Government which lasted a scant six weeks. Noske's violent methods of repression led the Independents to resign in December.

Meanwhile the struggle for existence of the Workmen's Councils which sprang up on the heels of the revolution was driving the two Socialist parties farther and farther apart. The system of Workmen's Councils or Soviets has been the bone of contention in the German labor movement for a year. It has been as much a symbol as a reality. All over working-class Europe during the past year there has been one living issue: the Russian Revolution. Those who supported it have been lined up on one side; those who opposed it, whatever their stand on other issues, have been forced into the other camp. The Independents supported it, and the inexorable fate which, with the aid of the Peace Conference, has been driving Europe to one extreme or the other, to reaction or revolution, has driven the Independents nearer and nearer to the Bolshevist program, and the old Social Democrats into closer harmony with the bourgeois parties. The Independents, who had a membership of 40,000 at the armistice, and have three-quarters of a million dues-paying members today, have become the revolutionary working-class party of Germany; the Social Democrats have become a shadow organization, holding offices, but without power or members.

The Workmen's Councils were introduced somewhat anarchically in the hurly-burly of the November revolution. In those first weeks when the whole world seemed tumbling about them, all parties accepted something of the principle; the only question was the method of election and the extent of power. For a time the Greater Berlin Council disputed with the coalition Commissars the title to supreme power in revolutionary Germany; then its claim passed to a Central Council, which surrendered to the National Assembly. The National Assembly announced that the council system was to be "anchored" in the Constitution, but it appears to be a very innocuous plan which, literally over the dead bodies of Independent Socialists, has just been placed upon the statute books.

Within the Councils the two parties have found it impossible to coöperate. The Independent fraction seceded from the Second Congress of Workmen's Councils in April; and the Social Democrats seceded from the Greater Berlin Council when, in July, they found themselves in a minority. Similar splits have occurred in Saxony and Westphalia. The Independents, led by Ernst Däumig and Richard Müller, worked out their own system of economic and political councils, and began systematically to form *Betriebsräte* throughout Germany with the workshop as the basis. Despite raids on their headquarters and imprisonment of their officers, the work has spread to all the larger industrial centres. These Councils are the heart and hope of the revolutionary movement in Germany today; they conduct the strikes, and should there be another revolution in Germany, they would assume control.

Noske made it a crime to carry a Communist party card in Germany; and the murder of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg left that party without leaders of national reputation. The Communists poured into the Independent party, the next most radical organization, and quite naturally the Independents developed sympathy for Noske's victims. The evolution of the Independent party, which has just culminated at Leipzig, was accelerated.

New leaders have been coming to the fore—Richard Müller, the metal-worker, who led the protest strikes in January, 1918, against the Peace of Brest-Litovsk; Däumig, former editor of *Vorwärts* and the brains of the councils movement; Crispien, Minister of Labor in the first revolutionary Government in Württemberg; Otto Brass in the Rhenish-Westphalian region; Kurt Geyer and others in Saxony. These younger men and not the pre-war veterans are now the effective leaders of the Independent party.

Inevitably, in defending the councils system, the party has been forced more and more into harmony with the general Bolshevist program. The continuing misery in Germany a year after the armistice, has driven the Germans to extremes. The growing strength of the new military machine has discredited the old Social Democratic party and its policy of coalition, and the decision to part company with an Internationale led by such men as Branting, Henderson, Vandervelde, and Albert Thomas, all Cabinet Ministers or former Ministers in coalition bourgeois Governments, has been the natural consequence.

The Bolsheviki have not always regarded the Independents with favor. In the early days they condemned their half-heartedness and recognized the Communists alone. Personal resentment left by this former condemnation is largely responsible for the peculiar form of the resolutions finally adopted by the Leipzig Congress. Three resolutions were presented. The first, offered by Hilferding, disciple of Haase and Kautsky, and editor of the party organ, *Die Freiheit,* declared dissatisfaction with both Second and Third Internationales and, without definitely seceding from the Second, proposed a sort of Fourth Internationale, to restore the unity of the proletariat of the world. Stoecker's

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resolution, supported by Däumig, declared for unreserved adhesion to the Moscow organization. Ledebour, recalling his earlier excommunication by the Bolshevist prelates, presented a resolution breaking with the Second Internationale but criticizing the Moscow organization, and calling for a preliminary conference which all Socialist parties accepting the councils system and the dictatorship of the proletariat, including those belonging to the Third Internationale, could enter "with equal rights."

Hilferding's proposal had no support and was not even voted upon; Stoecker's was rejected by a vote of 170 to 111; and Ledebour's was withdrawn, after long negotiations, in favor of a compromise resolution prepared by Crispien. This resolution, carried by a vote of 227 to 54, is as follows:

"The Party Congress declares that the union of the entire revolutionary working class into a single revolutionary Socialist Internationale is one of the most important tasks of the Independent Social Democratic party. The first condition of an Internationale capable of action is uncompromising conduct of the working class struggle, rejecting any policy of seeking to obtain reforms within the capitalist class-state. The Congress therefore decides to leave the Second Internationale, a step which excludes participation in the proposed Geneva Conference. The Independent Socialist party is in accord with the Third Internationale in the desire to realize socialism by the dictatorship of the proletariat on the basis of the councils system. A working-class Internationale capable of action must be created by the union of our party with the Third Internationale and with the social-revolutionary parties of the other countries. Therefore, the Congress instructs its Central Committee immediately to enter into negotiations with all these parties on the basis of the program of action voted by the party, in order to bring about this union and so to make possible a purely working-class Internationale which, in the struggle of the working class for freedom from the chains of international capitalism, may be a decisive factor in the world revolution. If the parties in the other countries do not agree to enter the Moscow Internationale with us the Independent German party will have to enter alone."

In place of Oskar Cohn, member of the National Assembly, the Congress elected as President of the party, Crispien, who has all the enthusiasm of a recent convert for the pure councils system. For Vice-President, Däumig, an avowed Bolshevist, defeated Ledebour, the veteran friend of Liebknecht. The Program of Action, in its preamble, developed the theory of the Councils, as organs of combat while the capitalist régime endures, as meeting-places for the instruction of manual and intellectual workers in preparation for the necessary temporary dictatorship of the proletariat, and as instruments for the transformation from the anarchical capitalist economic system to the methodical socialist economic system.

The repercussions of the Leipzig decisions among Socialists generally were immediate. Within three weeks the Executive Committee of the Second Internationale, consisting of Arthur Henderson and Ramsay Macdonald of England, Jean Longuet and Pierre Renaudel of France, and Camille Huysmans of Belgium, met at London and decided to postpone the proposed Geneva Conference from February to July. In all probability it will never meet. Its long inactivity during the period of the Peace Conference, when the Allied and Associated Powers were united in the attempt to crush the Soviet Government of Russia as they did the Soviet Government of Hungary, had discredited it in the eyes of labor everywhere. So long as it was the visible symbol of international working-class unity, however, the Socialist parties of Western Europe clung to it in a forlorn hope that it might rise to the level of its task. The Italians were the first to desert it by joining the newly-formed Third Internationale of Moscow. The French voted to stay in the Second Internationale in the hope of giving it an "orientation to the Left." The Swiss party, like the Italians, refused even to be represented at the Conference of the Second Internationale held at Berne in February, 1919, but by a referendum vote it abstained from unconditional acceptance of the program of the Third. The Norwegians, Serbians, and Greeks joined the Third Internationale before the Leipzig Conference; minority groups within the Socialist parties of every country did likewise.

There is every indication that the French Socialists will follow the German lead, even at the cost of splitting their party. Jean Longuet, leader of the party majority, has finally come out in support of the German proposal, and Frossard, secretary of the party, has gone to Switzerland to arrange a preliminary meeting. The Left Wing, which has waged a long fight to "purify" the party and rid it of its anti-Bolshevist elements, is openly triumphant. The party Executive, which has struggled to maintain unity at the cost of policy, has decided to postpone until the end of February the party Congress announced for January.

Fritz Adler has already announced that the Austrians will go with the Independents. The whole Left of the Berne Conference, which blocked the passage of the Branting-Macdonald resolution condemning the Bolsheviki in the name of democracy, will thus be out of the Second. The Spanish party, which was in session at the same time as the Leipzig Conference, and voted a conditional adherence to the Second Internationale in the hope of "purifying" it of its conservative elements, is sure to join the Third. The German Independents, the Austrians, Italians, Swiss, French, Spanish, and Norwegians, the Danish, Swedish, and Bulgarian Left Wings, the Ukrainians, Rumanians, Serbians, and Greeks, with the Communist fractions in other countries, will be in the Third Internationale. In the Second will be left only the pro-war Socialists of Germany and the British and Belgian Labor parties, together with a few smaller groups such as the ministerial Socialists of Finland, Sweden, Denmark, and Bulgaria, possibly a French Right Wing, and the Czechs, Poles, and Georgians. Just how long British labor will be willing to remain in such a group is doubtful. Their Congresses have passed resolution after resolution, and sent deputation after deputation to the Prime Minister, demanding that intervention in Russia be abandoned. Within the British labor movement there has been a strong tendency toward a shop steward system bearing an obvious resemblance to the soviet system in eastern Europe. The powerful Triple Alliance has brought its influence to bear in the interest of direct action, although the official party leadership has remained conservative and parliamentarian. Yet even Arthur Henderson is too good a politician to refuse a compromise when expediency demands it.

The Leipzig Conference marks a turning-point, not only in German socialism, but in the whole course of the Western labor movement. The moral leadership of that movement, held before the war by the German Social Democrats, and during the war by the British Labor party, has definitely passed to Moscow.

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Documents

The German Works Councils Bill

FOLLOWING is a summary of the Works Councils Bill passed by the German National Assembly on January 18:

The Works Councils Bill, as passed by the National Assembly, is the partial realization of the promise contained in Article 165 of the German National Constitution adopted July 31, 1919. The text of the Article follows:

The workers and office employees are qualified to take part with equal rights and in coöperation with the employers in the regulation of wage and labor conditions, as well as in the entire economic development of the productive forces. The organizations on both sides and their agreements are recognized.

The workers and office employees receive legal representation in the Works Councils, as well as in the District Workers' Councils grouped according to economic districts, and in a National Workers' Council, for the purpose of looking after their social and economic interests.

The District Workers' Councils and the National Workers' Council meet together with the representatives of the employers and of other interested groups of people in District Economic Councils and a National Economic Council to carry out their joint economic tasks and to coöperate in putting into effect the socialization laws. The District Economic Councils and the National Economic Council are to be formed in such fashion as to provide for the proper representation therein of all the important trade groups according to their economic and social importance.

Drafts of social and economic laws of fundamental importance are to be submitted by the National Government to the National Economic Council for its opinion before presentation. The National Economic Council itself has the right to propose such drafts of laws. If the National Government does not agree with it, it nevertheless has the right to present its proposal to the Reichstag with an explanation of its point of view. The National Economic Council may have its proposal represented before the Reichstag by one of its members.

Supervisory and administrative functions may be delegated to the Workers' and Economic Councils within their respective areas.

The development of the Workers' and Economic Councils and the definition of their duties and of their relation to other administrative bodies of a social nature are exclusively national matters.

The full text of the bill prescribing the method of formation and the powers of the Works Councils has not yet come to this country, but it may be summarized from cable accounts and from reports in German papers of the discussions in the National Assembly while the bill was under consideration. Councils are to be elected by the employees in all concerns, except newspapers, employing more than five men or women. In large factories each shop has its own Council. The total membership of each Council varies with the size of the shop or factory. Shops with from five to twenty employees elect a single Councillor, or shop steward. In larger shops the Councils must have at least three members. Manual workers and clerical employees elect separate representatives unless they specifically decide otherwise. The Councillors of any shop or factory may be recalled at any time by special vote of the General Assembly of its workers. It is estimated that over half a million Councillors will be elected.

It is the duty of the Councillors to supervise conditions of labor and in general to watch over the interests of the employees. The most disputed provisions of the bill concerned the right of the Councils to interfere in hiring and discharging employees, and the right to see the books of the company.

The Councils are given the right, in stock companies, to name two representatives (in some cases only one) to sit on the Board of Directors "to represent the interests and demands of the employees as well as their point of view and desires regarding the organization of the industry. These representatives have a seat and voice in all meetings of the Board of Directors, but cannot represent the firm or receive further compensation than their expenses. They are bound to maintain silence on confidential statements made to them." This last provision was attacked by both Socialist groups, on the ground that the presence of workmen's representatives on the Boards would be useless if they could not report back to the workers.

The employer is obliged to render a quarterly report of the general condition of the firm, and to open his books, in so far as they concern wages and salaries and the continuity of labor, to the Councils at any time. Certain industries with more than 500 employees must present detailed annual reports of profits and losses. To protect companies such as banks in which foreign money is invested, the Government may, if it sees fit, suspend the right of the Councils to see the books.

In case of discharge, an employee may appeal to the Councillors, and they, after investigation, may negotiate with the employer. The employee meanwhile retains his position. If no agreement is reached, the case goes to arbitration. No employee may be discharged for political, religious, or trade-union activity. A clause giving the Councils control over hiring as well as discharging employees was finally defeated in committee.

The Independent Socialist Program

THE following scheme for the organization of economic workmen's councils in Germany was approved in principle by the Assembly of the Workmen's Councils of Greater Berlin on June 26 last, was later developed by the Executive Committee of those Councils, and is supported by the Independent Socialist and Communist parties. The recent demonstrations before the Reichstag building in Berlin were in protest against the passage by the Reichstag of the Councils Bill outlined above, which grants to the Councils less power than is provided for in the following proposals. It will be noted that the National Councils referred to in this plan differ from those mentioned in the Government bill in that they are composed exclusively of representatives of the workmen.

Capitalist production, purely formal democracy, and state bureaucracy are incapable of reconstructing economic life in the interest of the public and of creating a socialist structure of society. For that, the entire force of the working people is necessary. Thorough socialization, that is, replacement of the capitalist form of production by the socialist form, involving the end of the authoritarian state (*Obrigkeitstaat*), can only be achieved by the working class.

Corresponding to its functions, the councils system has two forms, one economic, the other political. Both must be developed upon a system of elections based upon the factory and trade. Hence the economic councils system, which is to check up and share in controlling the process of production, and finally to assume responsibility for management, must first be developed. In the present revolutionary epoch, the activity of this organization must not be confined to narrow technical tasks; it must deal with political questions as well.

As soon as the industrial system of the councils has been established and developed, the political form must follow. Until this has been accomplished, the provisional form of communal workmen's councils dealing with political questions must continue.

Starting from this viewpoint, the following principles for the development of industrial councils have been adopted.

The economic activity of the councils system will assure self-government to all branches of industry, manufacture, trade, and transportation. The organization will have as its basis the workshop, the smallest socially productive unit of industrial life. In such shops, the confidential representatives of the workmen will be elected. This organization of councils includes all the working forces of the people. From the councils a central organization embracing the entire industrial life of the people will be developed:

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(1) The German Republic forms an industrial unit with a central administration.

(2) Germany is to be divided into industrial districts (*Wirtschaftsbezirke*) in each of which all those engaged in productive industry will be united.

(3) The productive forces are to be classified according to branches of industry, commerce, and transportation, and independent trade groups.

(4) This classification includes the following industries: 1. Agriculture, gardening, stock and dairy farming, forestry, and fisheries. 2. Mining, iron and salt works, peat-digging. 3. Quarrying and building. 4. Metal industries. 5. Chemical industries. 6. Weaving and garment industries. 7. Paper and lithographic industries. 8. Leather and shoe industries, and imitation leather. 9. Wood and carving industries. 10. Food industries. 11. Banking, insurance, and exchange. 12. Transportation. 13. Officials and employees of the state and municipal administrations. 14. Independent professions.

The Organization of Labor

(1) Within these industries the organization of labor is built up from the Works Council (*Betriebsrat*) to a national organization for the industry.

(2) In each independent factory a Works Council shall be elected, in which the higher employees and workingmen must be represented as groups. The Works Council takes care of and regulates, together with the management, all affairs of the enterprise.

(3) When an enterprise includes several shops or independent divisions, a Shop Council must be chosen for each shop. These Councils unite in the General Works Council which elects from among its members a Supervisory Council (*Aufsichtsrat*) to supervise the management of the entire undertaking.

(4) The Works Councils of small independent concerns in the same line of production will unite geographically into Local or District Councils (*Ortsbetriebs-* or *Revierräte*). The Councils of the larger concerns in the same industry may be included in these.

(5) Small independent manufacturers and other trade groups which cannot be united as industries, elect a common Trade Council (*Berufsrat*) within the commune, district, or large city.

(6) The Works Councils, Local or District Councils, and Trade Councils of each of the fourteen groups mentioned above unite within each industrial district to form a District Industrial Council (*Bezirksgruppenrat*) and elect an Executive Committee. The District Industrial Council supervises and regulates production within the district according to the regulations prescribed by the National Industrial Council (*Reichsgruppenrat*). Within the district the District Industrial Council is the highest court for the decision of questions relating to production in that industry.

(7) The District Industrial Council of each industry elects delegates from that industry to the District Economic Council (*Bezirkswirtschaftsrat*). This Council decides questions of jurisdiction between the industrial councils of that district; questions of production and economic questions which can only be handled within the district are also decided by the District Economic Council.

(8) The District Industrial Council of each industry elects from its members delegates to a National Industrial Council, which will be formed by the delegates from that industrial group from each district.

(9) The National Industrial Council is the court of last resort for the industry. In accordance with the general plan of the National Economic Council (*Reichswirtschaftsrat*) it deals with the kind and amount of production, the procuring and distribution of raw materials, marketing of products, and all questions concerning the industry. It may name special commissions to settle questions before it, and these commissions may be supplemented by experts.

(10) The National Industrial Councils of the fourteen branches of industry listed above elect from their members delegates to the National Economic Council.

(11) The representation of the various National Industrial Councils in the National Economic Councils will be in proportion to the number of workers occupied in those industries.

(12) The National Economic Council is composed in equal parts of representatives of the industrial groups listed above, and of representatives of the organizations of consumers. The direction of the National Economic Council is in the hands of commissioners named by the Central Council (*Zentralrat*). [Note—The *Zentralrat* is the central national organization of the political communal workmen's councils referred to in an earlier paragraph.]

(13) The District Industrial Councils, District Economic Councils, National Industrial Council, and National Economic Council have the right to coöpt technical and scientific assistants, but these must not exceed one quarter of the original number.

(14) In any conflict between the National Economic Council and the Commissioners of the Central Council, the final decision lies with the Central Council.

Election and Formation of Shop Councils

(1) So far as possible all trades shall be represented in the Shop or Works Councils.

(2) The elections are secret and those elected are subject to recall at any time.

(3) All hand or head workers, without distinction of sex, who earn their living by socially necessary and useful labor without exploitation of the labor of others, are entitled to vote. Those who, like doctors, writers, artists, etc., temporarily employ others in earning their living, have the right to vote.

(4) Persons who own instruments of production, exploit them in their own interest, and constantly employ others, have not the right to vote, nor have persons who conduct a private capitalistic business or rent out an establishment, or who live from rent or the income on capital, nor have shareholders, profit-sharing directors, agents, and so forth.

Socialist Policy in Belgium and Italy

THE recent congress of the Socialist party of Belgium debated the question of Socialist participation in the Government. Five members advocated abstention, while four others (MM. Devigne, Anseele, Destree, and Vandervelde) pleaded for collaboration. The latter pointed to the achievements of a year of Socialist collaboration in the Ministry as justifying a continuance of this policy, declaring that they had obtained such important practical realizations of their program in that one year that they could not afford to miss the possibility of obtaining others still more important by an enlarged participation in the Government. After a prolonged discussion the vote of the congress admitted the principle of collaboration by 1,400 to 152 votes. The following are the conditions upon which the Socialist group declared themselves willing to come to an agreement with the Cabinet:

The democratic organization of the national defense; the adoption of a constitutional measure establishing universal suffrage and fixing the age of electors at twenty-one years; suppression or democratization of the Senate; new taxes, which, while respecting a minimum necessary for existence, should yield enough revenue to meet the new charges; the development of social insurance; the maintenance of the present unemployment allotments until the formation of an insurance system against unemployment; construction of workers' dwellings in order to obviate the present shortage of lodgings; the suppression of Article 310; voting of laws regarding the right to strike, and special measures in favor of workers; establishment of an

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eight-hour day; supervision on the part of the Government of mining exploitation; fixing of the price of coal both at the mine and in commerce (after a certain time the profits yielded by the coal mines shall be subject to a tax equal to that on war profits, the revenue from this tax to be divided among the less profitable collieries); the taking over by the state of mines not yet under exploitation; passage of laws standardizing industrial, commercial, and primary education, instruction in the primary grades to be rendered compulsory; development of social hygiene service; the liberty of association, and the establishment of penalties against those who menace this liberty.

With this program may be contrasted the demands of the Italian Socialist party, as outlined by *Avanti*, the official party organ, and agreed to by the Socialist Deputies:

In what concerns the foreign policy, the establishment of a political and economic accord with the Russian Soviet Republic; a financial policy striking at the big fortunes in order to cover all the debts of the war and to maintain a general stable financial situation; the realization of social reforms giving to the workers not only the ownership of the land and of the factories but the direction of the industries, with a just appreciation at all times of the value of personal technique; finally, and as corollary to what precedes, a "working class policy" which will cause all traces of capitalism to disappear.

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